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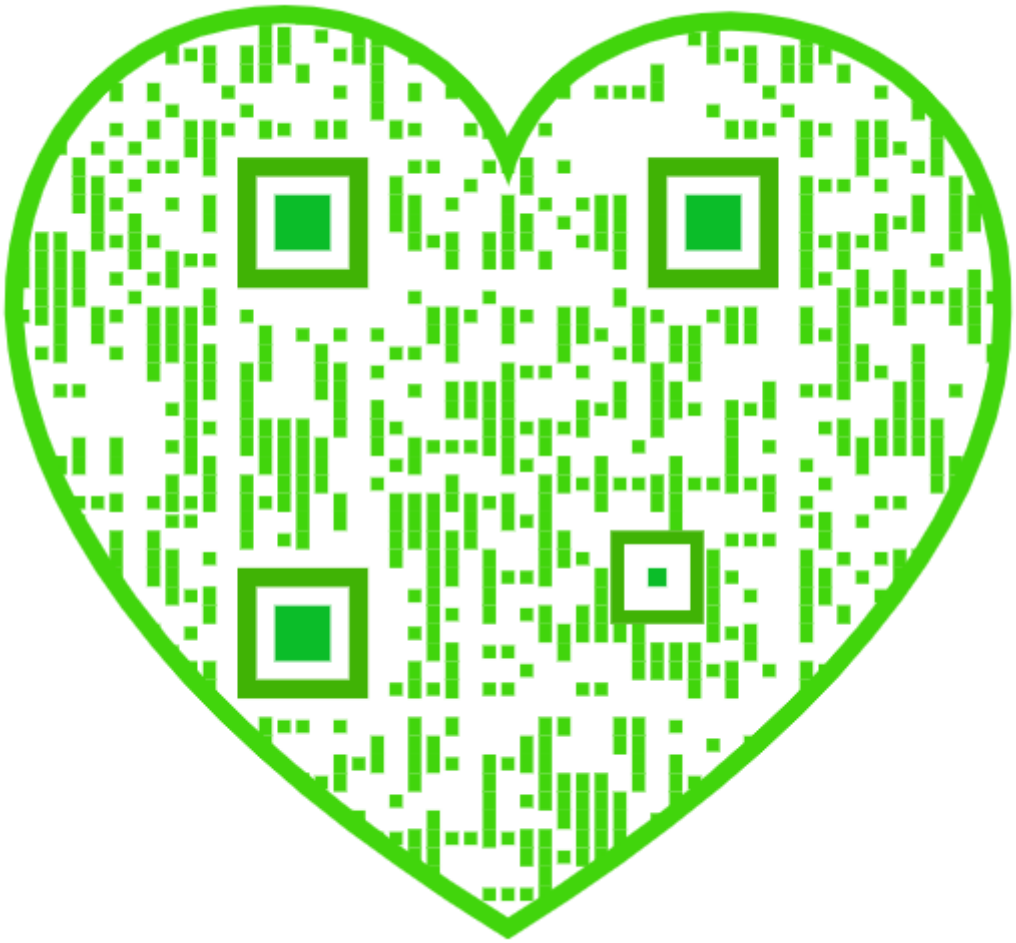

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Cleveland's Historical Readers

VIVID SCENES

IN

AMERICAN HISTORY

A SERIES OF

READERS FOR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

BOOK I

THE PERIOD OF DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

BY

HELEN M. CLEVELAND

AUTHOR OF THE BEGINNERS' READERS, I-II-III

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BENJAMIN H. SANBORN & CO.

BOSTON, U. S. A.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

After reading one of Miss Cleveland's interesting historical articles in the *Youth's Companion*, we asked her to prepare some of the same character for a series of HISTORICAL READERS, giving especial attention to the more obscure incidents—yet, possibly, none the less interesting to a pupil—and only those founded on historical facts.

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PREFACE.

THE history of America is full of picturesque interest, and to bring before American children scenes on which great events have hinged is the object of these HISTORICAL READERS.

I have had access to many rare and quaint old books in the Boston libraries, and, working in so rich a field. have picked up many interesting things not found in the beaten path.

Two well read persons who looked over my manuscript, asked me if these stories were true, and seemed inclined to accuse me of inventing fairy tales.

In view of this experience, it may not be amiss to say that much time has been spent and great care taken, not only that every scene may be founded on solid fact, but that the atmosphere in which the facts are made to live and move should be created out of truthful details. For example, if a man is spoken of as having brown hair, there is authority for stating that such was the color.

The author has been back to first sources for material, so far as the libraries of this country will admit, and from these quaint old accounts has read on to the latest authors of note. Facts do not change. From Columbus's own simple statements to John Fisk's classical English, it is the same old story.

Preface.

The author feels under obligations to many writers who have put on vivid colors to the pictures in her own mind. Of these "Harris's Voyages" stand first as picture makers. Harris is a reporter of facts as he sees them, and his quaint directness is very amusing. Prescott's eloquence is stirring. Sir Arthur Helps is skilful in throwing sidelights, and John Fisk is always an inspiration.

Dates are a fruitful subject of dispute among historians. The few given here are those generally agreed upon.

HELEN M. CLEVELAND.

Boston, October, 1898.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Boy at the Wharves	7
A Hungry Child	12
A Topsy-Turvey World	17
The Monk and the Queen	24
A Far Famed Meeting	27
A Scene on a Bridge	32
Out from the Bar of Saltes	36
An Anxious Night and a Glorious Morning	40
Two Glimpses of a Great Man	48
Dancing to the God of the New World	53
A Funny Scene	56
The Speech of an Indian Prince	59
A New Ocean	64
A Statue of Earth	69
A Visit from the Children of the Sky God	72
The Dream City	79
Entering the Dream City	86
Dividing up an Empire	100
A Line of Sand	105
A Garden Party in Peru	108
I am Keeping a Fast	111
A Twilight Scene	119
Writing a Name—America	128

VIVID SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BOOK I.

A Boy at the Wharves.

LET us wipe out four and a half centuries for about twenty minutes, and in this year 1456* take our stand on a quiet street of a beautiful but oddly built city.

It is built on gradually rising hills, and the arrangement of the streets suggests rows of sittings in a circus. Lofty mountains tower behind, while below dances an arm of the bluest sea we ever saw.

The land winds about this blue harbor curiously; it is in the form of a bended knee.

From the water the whole place would look like a terraced garden. Every palace, every grand church and public building would stand out boldly on its lofty site.

However, we are not here to see the city.

There is an ancient city wall facing us, and just inside that wall is a group of houses that interest us.

* There is dispute in regard to the date of the birth of Columbus. He was probably born in 1446 or 1447.

In them live weavers; and we are standing here to watch the home of one of them, a certain wool carder.

The home is humble but comfortable. There is a little garden in the rear which extends back to the old wall, and the garden gate is nothing less dignified than the massive ancient city gate itself.

Soon out of this house springs the personage we have gone back four hundred and forty-two years to see.

"Personage!" you exclaim; "why, that is merely a dreamy-looking, tow-headed boy. There is nothing wonderful about this boy. His clothes are common; his face is freckled; he is no petted child of wealth; and all he seems to be doing is to go at a gait between a trot and a run towards those stone wharves."

Yes, that is all true; and it is also true that there are many great nobles, proud statesmen, and rich merchants here, who would be more of a sight at this time; but the world is always well supplied with such, and has long forgotten the special grandees of this time. We have turned old Time back all these centuries for no other purpose than to follow this freckled-faced boy to the wharves.

It takes quick steps to keep up with him, and it can be seen at a glance that going to the wharves is no new occupation to the lad. In fact, he is never away from the water long.

The harbor is full of small, queer looking vessels. There are no great steamships, and it puzzles us to know what those strange looking crafts are.

The boy shoots in and out among the sailors, stopping and listening eagerly to the marvelous tales they are telling.

Some of their strange stories make our nineteenth century crowd laugh.

These sailors look upon the sea as a fearful place. To their mind there is only a narrow rim of it along the coast of Europe and Africa. They are sure the sun falls into the ocean every night with a sissing noise like the sputter of hot iron in water. Every morning this same sun is lighted again by God's own messengers.

The sky to them is a skin-like substance, which stretches over the flat earth as canvas stretches over a tent. This sky cover ends at the edges of the earth.

The special danger of sailing is the peril of coming to that fearful edge-of-all-things, and being plunged into the great, black sea of nothing which is underneath and around the earth, and which is guarded by monsters of the most terrible description.

It will not do for us to whisper that the world is round and there is neither an edge where they can tumble off nor a fearful black gulf to tumble into. On your life, keep still. The few great men who have whispered it have been laughed at as senseless creatures or burned as heretics.

The boy believes the tales. He has no doubt about the monsters and the sputtering sun.

The maps he studies in school tell exactly the same story. They are maps of a little flat earth floating in a

little sea, and around this rim-like sea is a black part which extends to the edge of the map and represents the sea of darkness. In this sea of darkness are monsters, and the things keep a strong guard about the edge of the world.

Do not begin to look superior, you boys with fine geographies, accurate maps, and globes. Few of you will ever know as much of land and sea as this boy who is learning false geography from ignorant sailors.

There are other tales beside the dangers of that dreadful tumbling-off-place.

The sailors never tire of telling about a certain Marco Polo* who visited a marvelous country. There were twelve hundred great cities along its coast, and all very rich and grand.

A city called Quinsai (*Quin'si*) has streets paved with gold; the roofs of the houses are of ornamented gold; innumerable bridges span streets of great width. There are many market places, miles in circumference and splendid in design. There are palatial feast halls with groves and gardens where all can go for pleasure. So rich and luxurious are the people of this city that part of every day is given to amusement. There are chariots of gold, boats and barges lined with silk; but the most magnificent thing in all this splendid city is the palace of the khan or emperor.

It is of purest marble. The roof is of gold, shaped

* Marco Polo was a Venetian traveler. He reported wonderful things that he had seen, and inspired travel and adventure by his writings.

by skilled hands into beautiful designs. This great roof is supported by thousands of pillars of pure gold. Miles of groves and gardens, terraces and fountains, lakes and lawns, surround the courts of this sumptuous abode.

This city is in the province of Mangi, and there is another called Cathay (China).

The blue eyes of the boy glow as he listens to stories of these splendid cities. He hears that the rich and luxurious people who inhabit them are idolaters, and it will be a service to God to capture them and take their wealth.

"When he is a man he will find Cathay; he will sail boldly around Africa, and, never fearing the perilous edge and its awful monsters, will go to this marvelous country in a ship."

Now he hies him home to spell out still more marvels in a book called "Imago Mundi." He takes his funny little map of the world and looks at the narrow rim of ocean. Yes, it is wide enough. He will sail around Africa on that river,* and he will find the land of splendor and spice.

We leave the dreamy boy. Back through the centuries we go. Swift steamships carry us over vast seas, sailed first by him in one of those small, frail ships. A country far grander than Cathay welcomes us to free soil; and, glorying in our New World, we realize what it meant to all mankind when little Christopher Columbus listened to the tales of ignorant sailors in the harbor of Genoa.

* The ancients thought the ocean a narrow river, which flowed around the world.

A Hungry Child.

THEY are a strange pair, this white-haired man of tall and massive frame, and this little boy whose features have not yet brushed off the bloom of early childhood.

Poverty's marks are plain, and there is a homeless air about them which tells its story.

This venerable-appearing man is not leading the boy out for a pleasant walk. They are wayfarers, and the highway is their present home.

The boy's hand is clasped close in his father's, but that protection is about all the little fellow gets. This tall father is too absorbed in thought to be a comrade to his child.

Indeed, he clasps a roll of charts in the other hand with quite as much concern as he takes the hand of his son.

The tramp has been a long, hard one. Little legs are tired; little feet begin to lag; a little arm begins to pull; and a small, shrill voice demands food and rest, with all the imperiousness of childhood.

The father soothes the boy, and, pointing to the white wall of an ancient convent on the hill, says:

"Be patient, Diego. Do you see that large, white building among the pines up there? That is the convent of La Rabida (*La Rab'-ĭ-dä*). We will ask the good friars for food."

Up the steep hill the footsore wayfarers climb; and as the sad-faced man knocks at the convent gate, a brown-garbed Franciscan monk also seeks admittance.

Ah, old Fate knows her business! Any good father in this convent will minister to these wayfarers, but few of them will interrupt their peaceful meditations by giving the pair a second thought.

That humble Franciscan robe, however, covers no common monk. The hooded friar is none other than Juan Perez de Marchena (*Ju-an' dā Mar-kee'-na*), the learned guardian of La Rabida, a great as well as a good man.

A beggar stands before him, and beggars are common at La Rabida. Why does not the prior pass on, and let food and drink be given by some humbler monk?

Does a certain old story about entertaining angels unawares cross his mind? Does some prophetic whisper tell him that this beggar is destined to keep La Rabida in the world's eye forever? Each crumbling stone and worm-eaten piece of wood shall be restored because the nations of the earth are grateful for the shelter it afforded him. People of all lands will visit it as a shrine. It will become one of the monuments of the world because of this heartbroken-appearing man who came to its gate to ask bread for his child.

Does the monk suspect that at this insignificant moment he is facing the opportunity of his own life? Does he know that he is about to make his own name immortal by what seems a simple act of kindness?

No, none of these things move Friar Perez (*Pa-ray*). The good monk is no mean judge of his fellow-creatures, and the swift thought flashes through his mind, "This is no common man." An act follows the thought that shall be told and retold until it becomes one of the legends of ages and the property of all humanity. It is a simple act. The prior invites the stranger into the convent, and begins to question him about his life.

This life is full of strange interest, but the part which chains the attention of the listening monk is steeped in disappointment.

The roll of maps is untied, and the gloomy face of the stranger becomes full of glow and enthusiasm when he finds that he is talking to a man who can understand him.

He goes over proofs of the sphericity of the earth; he explains his theory of crossing the ocean to find land, probably golden-paved Cathay; and then maps are put aside, and the tale of his efforts to find help in his undertaking is poured into sympathetic ears.

There has been years of waiting in anterooms of kings; there has been eighteen years of rebuff. This court and that have scorned the theories of an humble mariner; sages have laughed at them; and now, after seven years of waiting at the court of Spain, he despairs

of obtaining a hearing before the king and queen of Spain, and is about to leave the country. He will go to France and try his last chance there.

The bright intellect of Juan Perez is fired by these stories. Skilled in the lore of the ancients, and acquainted with the newer theories concerning the earth, he does not doubt the correctness of this sailor's conclusions. That the glory of giving all this to the world should be lost to Spain, disturbs him much. It must not be. The great monk does not hesitate.

"Stay with us and rest," he says. "I am Juan Perez, once confessor to the queen. It will be easy for me to gain access to her majesty, and plead your cause; but first I will send for my friends, Martin Alonzo Pizon, a rich mariner of Palos, and Dr. Gracia Fernandez (*Gra'-shay-ah Fer-nan-dez*). They are well skilled in geography; and if they agree with you about land on the other side of the sea, you shall not leave Spain until you have laid your plans before her majesty."*

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* Columbus was about to leave Spain. He had tried for seven years to get a hearing at court, but the king and queen were too busy with war to attend to a wandering mariner. The sages of Salamanca had reported against his theories, and advised the king and queen to have nothing to do with him.

In despair, he was going to Palos, about three miles from La Rabida, hoping to get employment on board a ship bound for France. He stopped at La Rabida to beg food for his child.

Prior Juan Perez happened to meet him at the convent gate, and, struck by his unusual appearance, invited him in, introduced him to Martin Alonzo Pizon and Dr. Gracia Fernandez, and then the good monk was instrumental in gaining Columbus an audience

Little Diego (*Di-e-go*) Columbus was probably unconcerned when Martin Alonzo Pizon (*Pe-zon*) and Dr. Gracia Fernandez declared they did agree with the wandering mariner; but what results will follow that childish request for food and drink! It turns the tide in the life of his gifted father; it changes the purpose of a nation; geography, science, and history will put on a new face; and new nations will rise with new ideas.

La Rabida is now forever famous, and Juan Perez will be known through ages as the man who kept Columbus in Spain.

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with Isabella. If the child had not begged for food, Columbus might have left Spain forever, and the history of the world changed.

CONVENT OF SANTA MARIA OE RABIDA.

A Topsy-Turvy World.

THE streets of Salamanca are steep and crooked, but massive buildings line them.

It is the favorite city of Queen Isabella. Her pride is not in the splendor of the royal palace, nor in the stately public buildings. The queen's eye wanders lovingly to the group of buildings surrounding the cathedral. The pet of her reign is housed in them, the famous University of Salamanca.

It is a winter day in this quaint, rich city, and about the year 1487. Fun-lovers among the seventeen thousand students of the university are joking about a council which begins its session in that institution today.

Laughingly these youths exclaim, "They are going to prove that the world is round with a topsy-turvy side, inhabited by a topsy-turvy people!" Jesting thus, they hang around to see the topsy-turvy man who is the cause of all this debate.

The man these curious students are anxious to catch a glimpse of is lodged on a little farm about three miles from the city. This farm is the property of the monks of St. Stephen's Convent, and he is the guest of those distinguished teachers in the university.

Here he comes! A tall, gray-haired man, with ruddy face and absorbed air. His hands are full of globes and charts. There is something unusual in his appearance. The frivolous might take him for a visionary, and the young men are not surprised that he is called "the madman from Genoa."

St. Stephen's Convent is the handsomest building of the university. It is carved and arched, and the material is exquisite creamy marble.

The interior is solid and richly ornamented, but gloomy. The hall to which the assembly* has gone is dimly lighted, and gives a general impression of cold stone and polished wood.

The white and black gowns of the Dominican friars accord well with the severe and frigid elegance of the hall. Nothing soft and warm greets our glance, except the red robe of a cardinal and rich apparel of bishops and gold lace of court officials. These fairly flame in the colorless room.

Well to the front is a little table. On it is a crude, hand-made globe, with maps and charts.

Near the table, and directly facing the monks of St.

* King Ferdinand ordered a council of learned men to investigate the theories of Columbus. The council was held in the convent of St. Stephen, part of the University of Salamanca; and the monks entertained Columbus at their farm, about three miles from the city. Many brilliant men were won, but the majority reported against Columbus and his schemes. King Ferdinand was less brilliant than Isabella, and appears to have been more influenced by this decision than the queen.

Stephen's, is the visionary-looking man. His dress is careless. The great number of cold, learned eyes turned critically, if not contemptuously, on him, are unheeded. Thought holds complete sway over him at this hour. The icy atmosphere of authoritative knowledge does not chill the white heat of this untrammeled mind. He is about to bring tumult into the peace of monastic learning. These sages must investigate his theories by direct command of the king and queen.

From place to place this foreign sailor has followed Ferdinand and Isabella. He has declared that the earth is a sphere; he knows that he can sail directly west, find rich Cathay, and make Spain roll in gold and glory.

Spain wants to roll in gold, and she would not mind the glory. If this Columbus is anything but a crazy, wandering sailor, the king and queen would like to know it.

No insignificant body of men are to discuss this strange foreigner's theories.

Here are the friars of St. Stephen's, at this time said to be the most learned body of men in the world. Great mathematicians, heads of learned societies, and distinguished geographers have come from all parts of Spain. All present and past professors of the university take part. Such men as Diego de Deza (*Da'za*), first professor of theology in this institution, add the luster of their brilliant intellects, while practical statesmen and great church officials complete a most notable gathering of men.

The simple mariner is politely treated; and if he were looking for support and sympathy, he could find it. Among many cold, distrustful faces are kind ones who do not think him a presumptuous adventurer.

When he rises to speak, cultured ears hear a careless foreign accent. Poor looks this sailor, but still not humble. His white hair falls without restraint over his broad shoulders, and his blue-gray eyes are large and flash with the fire of thought. Nature has invested him with a dignity of appearance which neither king nor learned body can ignore. There is not enough of the saint in his face to suit some of those good friars. They see the power, but little of the sweetness of heaven, in that bold, determined countenance. Who can blame them for being slow to believe the tremendous changes he advocates?

Only the friars of St. Stephen's pay attention as he takes a globe and shows that any body disappearing on a sphere disappears part at a time, and calls their attention to the fact that a ship disappears on the earth in exactly that way.

Others begin to attend when he proves that only a spherical body casts a circular shadow in all positions, and then calls their attention to the shape of the earth's shadow on the moon. Eloquent he grows as he puts aside map and globe, and begins to recite theories of ancient philosophers who believed the earth to be a sphere. He tells them that west of the Atlantic there must be land, and declares that nothing will hinder sailing directly to it.

Some of the brightest minds present are convinced; but among those slower to see, tumult begins.

"Do you believe that people inhabit the other side of this sphere?"

"Yes," answers Columbus.

"Listen!" thunders his opposer, "and hear how you are opposing the great fathers of the church"; then taking a book, he reads:

"Is there any one so foolish as to believe that there are antipodes (things directly opposite), with feet opposite ours — people who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down? That there is part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downward; and where it rains, hails, and snows upward? The idea of the roundness of the earth was the cause of inventing this fable of the antipodes, with their heels in the air."

Others read from Psalms that the heavens extend like a hide or tent over the earth. Still others quote St. Paul, when he compared the heavens to a tent or tabernacle extending over the earth, and argue that the earth must be flat; for how could the sky stretch over a sphere?

Text after text is hurled at the daring man, who is afraid of being suspected of heresy, and replies that his "reverence for the Bible and the learned fathers of the church is most profound; but he maintains that they wrote as theologians, not as scientific men, and the language of the Bible is figurative."

We may be sure he was sharply reproved for this; but do not call these good monks stupid. It is a tremen-

dous jump from a flat to a round world, and, ignorant of many things we know now, who of us would have taken the leap?

The greatest theologian present, Diego de Deza, agrees with the practical, unschooled sailor; and Cardinal Mendoza (*Men-do-za*), strong in church and state, one of the clearest-headed men in Spain, is also convinced. Besides these brilliant lights of the church, a fair minority of scientists and learned friars are on the side of the humble pleader for truth.

One scientific member admits that the earth is perhaps a sphere, and acknowledges that possibly there is an opposite side which is inhabited, but asserts with all solemnity that scientific research proves the impossibility of going there on account of the unsupportable heat of the torrid zone.

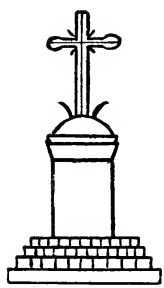
Columbus in vain tells this man that he has sailed past the torrid zone. The man still shakes his head. No matter if he has done it, science has proved that it cannot be done.

Another scientist says, "The circumference of the earth must be so great that it would take three years to make the voyage, and provisions could not be carried. All would perish with hunger."

An old Greek belief is brought up. "If a ship could sail west on a spherical earth, and reach the extremity of India, she could never get back; for the rotundity of the earth would present a mountain it would be impossible to sail over."

Centuries have brushed aside the fears of the good monks, and the assured knowledge of those scientists is mere foolish guesswork today. There is much to learn from this debate. Knowledge has soared into higher regions, and is more firmly placed; but this wide gulf between the past and present hints that we be humble. There are heights yet to scale.

NOTE.— The monks of St. Stephen were scientific enough to regard the theories of Columbus with respect. They represented the scientific, rather than the literary, department of the university; and the head of this department was the one who proposed that St. Stephen's entertain Columbus at their little farm a short distance from the city. Columbus lived there through the winter, and came into the city whenever the assembly met. It is said that this part of his life was a happy, quiet one, and that he enjoyed it immensely.



Monument at La Rabida
Which Marks the Spot Where Columbus
Begged Bread for His Child.

The Monk and the Queen.

TRAVELERS over the beaten highway between Palos and Santa Fé have passed a brown-robed monk jogging along on a mule.

Some have glanced at him in wonder, as it is dangerous for officials of the Christian church to ride like this alone, through the very scenes of the Moorish conflict.

As he nears the mountain fastnesses of Granada the peril increases, and some venture to stop and warn the kindly monk; but with a courtly bow of thanks he serenely jogs on his way.

Night does not always bring a place for rest and shelter. Weird specks of moonlight have danced along the wild, hilly roads, over the monk and mule, and seemed to surround them with somber loneliness.

However, he is not lonely in these night rides. His heart is singing over a dream that his brain is fashioning. It is a dream of a great, new world.

Another day finds the monk in the city of Santa Fé, the camp city of the king and queen of Spain. Three months ago soldiers were turned into masons, to build this army capital of stone and mortar; and now their

beloved queen can be near her army, without the discomfort of living in a tent; and if Granada does not fall soon, here are winter quarters for the army.

This is the new city which Juan Perez enters to plead the cause of a new world.

There is no court robe for the monk to don, before he can see the queen. She does not array herself in state to give audience to her former confessor. In the plain garb of his order, Friar Perez asks admittance to Isabella; and the woman, rather than the queen, sends for him without ceremony.

We see this brilliant princess kneel for a blessing. We hear her say, "You have risked much to come to us."

We hear the monk congratulate her on conquests that will drive infidels from Spain, and plant the cross on every part of it; and then he begins the story he has come to tell.

Eloquent are the lips which plead for the stranger at La Rabida, and clear the explanations of his theory and his schemes.

"Shall Columbus be allowed to leave Spain in despair? Shall not only vast wealth and great glory be allowed to slip from the nation's hand, but shall this golden opportunity — the opportunity to carry the religion of Christ to heathen Cathay and India — be lost?"

The thoughtful blue eyes of the queen have been fixed with deep attention on the monk; and as he stirs her patriotism and her piety, they meet his own with answering fire.

"We are deeply grateful to you, Father Perez; Columbus shall not go. I will send money * to enable him to appear at court, and you may tell him that Isabella commands his presence."

The benignant face of the friar is joyful. He is well repaid for his dangerous journey. He knows he has helped a man, and hopes he has helped his country; but Juan Perez little dreams of the millions yet unborn who will bless his act.

NOTES.—Accounts vary as to whether Columbus had known Juan Perez before. A few writers claim that he went to La Rabida with the purpose of interesting the priest in his scheme; but there is no proof of this. All legends seem to make the meeting accidental, and Columbus ready in despair to leave Spain after years of waiting to get a hearing before the king and queen.

The good priest deserves credit for patriotism as well as for clear-headedness in undertaking to champion a cause so unpopular. His journey was not an easy one in those times, and might have resulted in his being murdered by the Moors.

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* Juan Perez journeyed from Palos to Santa Fé, about 150 miles, to intercede with the queen for Columbus. He was successful. The queen sent Columbus about $216, to appear at court.

A Far-Famed Meeting.

TWO people are to be brought face to face today. Time will never forget this meeting; distance, however great, will hear of it.

The two who meet are widely different in circumstance. The one is a woman, the other a man.

There she sits upon a throne, surrounded, in her camp city, by the beauty and chivalry of a nation. She is forty-one years of age now, and a woman of surpassing beauty.

This tall, fair woman, in whose face the lightning of a vivid intellect is softened by great sweetness, is the idol of proud Castile. Historians for centuries will puzzle to find a cause for the great love which all parts of Spain pour at her feet.

Castile, Leon, and even Aragon,* have just one bond

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* Isabella was by birthright queen of Castile and Leon, which comprised a large part of what is now Spain. Ferdinand was king of Aragon, a small section in the eastern part of Spain. When they married, the countries were united, and the king and queen ruled as allied sovereigns. All matters pertaining to both kingdoms were decided by the two. The signature of both was put on all documents, and nothing was undertaken by either unless with the consent of the other. However, Castile and Leon were by far

of unity, and that is attachment to Isabella. The love is intense, personal, and nothing like it has or will work the weal or woe of a nation in the memory of ten generations. Statesmen trust her brain, and the people trust her heart.

The army sees this dainty woman share its hardships, face its dangers, care for the wounded on the field of blood itself, and it knows she is a strong, directing power in council.

They realize that not even the hand of the king is so potent in making every resource of the nation add to its glory. Is it strange that they regard her with almost idolatrous affection? It is a dispirited and listless army, with their inspiring queen away. With her at hand to cheer, it marches from victory to victory; so beautiful Queen Isabella must not dawdle in a palace in Salamanca (*Sal-a-man'-ca*). Ferdinand sends for her to come to him in the field; and even when duty calls elsewhere, she goes.

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the most important parts of the nation, and they never forgot that Isabella was their ruler, and not Ferdinand. It was the queen herself who always insisted on extreme deference to her husband. She was deeply loved by the whole nation. Prescott says, "She held a control over her people such as no man could have acquired in any age — and probably no woman in an age and country less romantic."

She is undoubtedly one of the greatest women in history. Although great crimes are unavoidably associated with her name, to blame Isabella is unjust. She was the soul of the Spanish wars; but who holds a general accountable for the enemy that fall under his guns?

There is nothing of the Amazon about this wonderful woman. She is soft-voiced, and modest almost to humility. Great courtesy and dignity are combined with a matchless, gracious tact in her demeanor.

Handsome, supercilious King Ferdinand is far more the sovereign at first glance, and the scrupulous deference paid him by his lovely wife carries out the impression.

He laughs with a sneer at what she is going to do today. "The man you are about to receive is an adventurer, and I will have nothing to do with him," says his majesty.

Not a shade of annoyance mars the calm, sweet face of the queen. Her voice does not vary by a single intonation from utmost serenity as she replies that she will see the man anyway.

Courtiers smile. They are as unconcerned as the tactful queen about the king's remarks. They know full well if Isabella becomes really interested in this adventurer, Ferdinand will have something to do with him.

The other now comes upon the scene. He is ushered into the royal presence.

His great grey eyes fall on one of the most interesting women in history — a woman he has tried for seven long years to see.

She sees a tall man with a natural air of distinction about him. Years of begging for recognition at the courts of Europe has had its effect on his manners.

This wandering sailor presents no mean appearance in a throne-room.

Behind those blue eyes fixed so earnestly on him is a busy brain. The queen is a keen judge of men. She must measure and balance their qualities every hour of her life. The mental scales on which this man is being weighed are pretty accurate, and what they record will stand.

Isabella looks, and likes Columbus. Hereafter neither the contempt of learned councils, nor the coldness of the king, will long avail to keep the great explorer and the woman who can help him in his undertaking from understanding each other.

As is the custom, Columbus advances, kneels, and kisses the hand of the queen; and her busy majesty, with a gracious but hurried word of greeting, bids him outline his enterprise.

He dwells little on proofs of the sphericity of the earth. He asserts boldly that land lies on the other side of the Atlantic, and he can find it and plant the cross of Christ in the heathen lands of Cathay.

Subtly and eloquently the speaker appeals to the ambition and the piety of the great queen, and Isabella is won to his cause.

"Señor Columbus," she says, "your projects interest me. I believe in you, and will gladly enter into negotiations with you. We would esteem it a crowning honor to lift the banner of our Lord over all the earth, as we have raised it over every Moorish stronghold in Spain.

A council will be appointed to arrange with you." With a gracious bow this genuine queen dismisses the future finder of a world. She has greatly honored this humble sailor, but he is to honor her far more.

He leaves her presence, happy that at last he stands well in the judgment of one powerful enough to help him. That judgment is to be attacked. Statesmen report that this Italian adventurer demands too much. There is no coming to terms with him; but, although she will be pulled this way and that by arguments of policy and reason, that judgment shall stand, and Isabella will associate herself with the greatest human achievement in history by exclaiming, "I pledge my jewels to pay the expenses of this undertaking!"

NOTES. — Isabella probably received Columbus with considerable formality. Undoubtedly many of her court were present. Her first lady-in-waiting was present, and was convinced of the truth of the poor sailor's theories; but many had no faith in him at all.

Isabella, with all her self-restraint, was at times an impulsive woman. Columbus touched the right cord when he appealed to her piety.

She had now driven out all infidel factions from Spain. The Moors had been conquered. Beside the banner of Castile floated the cross of Christ, and it was the ambition of this queen to float the latter over all the world.

A Scene on a Bridge.

THIS clear, bright winter day is entitled to front rank among well-remembered historical days. If ever a twenty-four hours should be considered a turning-point in political history, this one has that honor, yet it is not a well-known day.

The scene which entitles it to remembrance is so simple that the pen and the brush have never been deeply inspired to picture it in "colors that glow or words that burn." There is no wild clash of battle, no deed of thrilling heroism, to stir to enthusiastic description.

The first object to get into the mind's eye in this simple picture is a bridge over a rushing mountain river.

Picturesque and rugged scenery surround this bridge. An upland plain on one side is fertile and lovely, but uneven, while in front the land swells into what is a base to the towering snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountains, wild and rocky all through this region.

The road leading to the bridge is steep and bad even for a mule to travel; but one is traveling it today that will be part of our picture.

So far as the mule is concerned, he may be just like any other mule; but there is a man on his back who is far from being just like any other man.

That tall form with its air of distinction and the white hair are familiar.

His head is bent in disappointment; the struggle is not yet over; sorrow and disgust are striving for mastery in the long, sad face.

Little note does this traveler take of the beautiful scenery. All the thought he vouchsafes to external things is to guide his mule towards the north.

As he approaches the bridge, sounds of flying hoofs may be heard behind him; but so absorbed is the strange man that he does not heed them. Slowly the mule jogs towards the bridge, and swiftly dashes the fleetest of horses after it.

A call rings through the clear air, but the man on the mule hears it not.

Slowly and heavily the mule's feet plant themselves on the bridge; but the dull thud of its tramp scarcely begins when the quick, sharp clank of a dashing horse rings beside it.

"Señor! Señor Colon!" *

The lonely traveler hears and turns. He finds himself facing a royal courier.

*After Columbus obtained an interview with Queen Isabella, through the influence of Juan Perez (*Pa-ray*), a new trouble arose. She promised to aid him, and said her agents would arrange terms. These agents thought Columbus demanded too much, and pronounced him an impudent adventurer. Even his best friends were frightened at what he asked for, and told him that he was ruining his cause; but he would not yield. He wanted to be admiral of the ocean, viceroy of countries he discovered, and have one-eighth of the profit. In disgust, he once again determined to leave Spain, and go either to England or France and try his luck.

"A message from her majesty," says the courier, doffing his hat as he hands a letter to the man on the mule.

Indignation blazes from the eyes of the white-haired man. Courtiers like this have mocked him as a madman, and he is disgusted with the indecision and intrigues of the court of Spain. He will not take the letter.

"I will obey no summons from your queen. Seven years of my life have been wasted attempting to get an audience with her."

With these hot words he is about to go on, when the courier with deep respect interposes:

"Do not go on, Señor. Santangel (*Sant'-angel*) has convinced her majesty to consent to your terms. She will pledge her jewels to pay the expense of your expedition. I beg you to read this letter."

The white-haired man takes the letter. The courier has spoken the truth. Queen Isabella will assent to his terms, and undertake the enterprise for the crown of Castile. There is no need now to journey to England,

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News that he had started reached some who believed in him, among them Luis de Santangel, treasurer of Castile, who rushed into the queen's presence and eloquently explained to her that he believed she was letting a great opportunity slip, by allowing this man to go. Others followed; and Isabella convinced, exclaimed, "I will pledge my jewels!" A courier was sent in all haste after Columbus, who overtook him at the bridge of Pinos Puentes, as described.

All his terms were accepted, and the papers signed immediately. The queen received him with special marks of favor, and even the king felt compelled to be gracious.

and wait uncertain fortune at the court of Henry VII. His opportunity has come at last, and exultant joy takes the place of despondent sadness in his face.

The mule turns round on the bridge of Pinos Puentes (*Pe'-nos Pu-an'-tes*); and probably not only the fortunes of Spain and England, but of all the countries of South America, turned with it. If Christopher Columbus had proceeded to England, Henry VII. is more than likely to have assisted him. In that case South America would have been England's, and English, instead of Spanish, would have been the language of her people now.

Out from the Bar of Saltes.*

THE little town of Palos has passed a sleepless night.

It is Friday, August 3, 1492, and since the 23d of May this small port, with neighboring towns, has been stirred to its heart with sorrow.

On that date the people assembled in front of St. George's Church to hear a royal order read.

This decree demanded that the town should have two ships ready for sea within ten days. Crews and supplies were to be furnished for them as well as for a third, which a certain Christopher Columbus was authorized to procure.

By royal order, these ships are to sail in such direction as Christopher Columbus shall command, and the crews are to obey him in all things.

The town is ready to take its punishment, and aid its conquering king and beautiful queen; but who is this Columbus? He stands there in full sight beside well-loved Friar Perez (*Pa'-ray*) on the church porch. The man has a distinguished air. Probably he is some great

*The Bar of Saltes (*Sal-tes'*) was a small island in the harbor of Palos. Columbus sailed from it.

navigator, entrusted by the king and queen with an important commission. It will be an honor to go on a special expedition for the Crown.

This is the serene tattle as the crowd breaks up; but hush! — a whisper begins to wing its way from house to house, from street to street, and carries consternation in its trail.

"This Columbus is the mad Italian who says the world is round, and declares that he can sail right over the dreadful Sea of Darkness and find Cathay!"

"What does the queen mean by giving such a lunatic power to force their loved ones on his ships, and compel them to sail straight into the awful gulf below the tumbling-off-place!" To ask their people to fly with this man to the moon would be more sensible, they think.

Heavy is poor Palos's punishment. The most terrible thing in the world to them is the sea where it rolls beyond the sight of land. Myths of ages are told and groaned over in the little place. The awful monsters in the Great Dark Sea where the sun never shines, the ocean of melted fire, the mountains of water which ridge the edge of the world, disturb the dreams of this sea-girt town, and love conquers loyalty. They will not let their loved ones go, and other royal orders are read in vain to force them.

What royalty fails to do is finally accomplished by two men.

Good Friar Perez is well known in the homes of the

humble, and he is deeply loved. From house to house he goes, and tells them that this Columbus is not mad. The convent of La Rabida (*Ra'-be-da*) shelters him now, and all the monks believe in him. No harm will come to their sons and husbands. Soon the good friar has news to add to his persuasions.

Martin Alonzo Pizon (*Pe'-zon*), the wealthiest man in the place, and a bold sailor, is going in one of the ships as captain; and his brother will command the other ship.

Bold ones rally to the support of the Pizons, and adventurers from other parts of Spain come to go on the daring expedition; but still men enough to man the ships have not enlisted. Prisoners are given their liberty on condition that they consent to go, and the number required is raised by forcing others into the service.

On this Friday morning mothers and sisters hasten to the wharves. Out in those three ships are fathers and sons and brothers, going, not with a hurrah, with joyful loyalty, but sullenly, remembering the warrant that was read to them, and the guard that marched them to the boats. The whole town and country about have gathered in sympathy. Few kindly glances are cast at Columbus as he hurries down at this sunrise hour to the waiting boat.

On a little height above stands Friar Perez. Columbus steps into the boat, and, remaining at the end, bares and bows his head. The priest stretches out his hands in blessing, and asks God's protection for all. Sobs mingle with the prayer, and when it is finished neither priest nor people move.

The boat moves off. Soon it reaches the side of the Santa Maria, but still no one moves.

Columbus is seen on the deck of his ship. The signal flag is hoisted; sails are spread; the signal gun is boomed, and the little fleet sails out from the Bar of Saltes into the unknown sea.

No cheer goes up; no glad "speed on." A procession of sobbing women and sad men turn like a funeral train towards the town.

NOTE. — The people of Palos had done something to displease the government, and shrewd Ferdinand made them pay their penalty by fitting out this fleet for Columbus. As a matter of fact, the Crown paid very little of the expense out of the royal treasury. Isabella never used her jewels for this purpose. The people of Palos were willing to furnish ships and men until they became aware of the nature of the expedition. When it became known that, "the mad man from Genoa" was to sail straight to the west, into the awful abyss at the edge of the world, he was roundly abused; and the sturdy sailors of this little port refused to go, even at the direct order of the king and queen. It took months for Columbus to get crews, and if it had not been for the Pizons and Friar Perez, it is doubtful whether he would have been able to sail. Martin Alonzo Pizon was the most influential man in town, and lived in the best house.

An Anxious Night and a Glorious Morning.

THE mutinous, frightened crew of lawless and superstitious men have gathered for evening service on Columbus's ship, the Santa Maria.*

Prayers are read, a sweet vesper hymn floats over the water, and then the admiral rises to speak. He goes over the unmistakable signs of land which have appeared during the last three days — green rushes, a bunch of berries, land birds, shore fish, and a stick carved by human hands. They are nearing their journey's end, he says, and bids them thank God who has brought them across the Sea of Darkness, and cautions them to keep a sharp lookout for land. †

The admiral retires after this, but there is no sleep for that restless brain. He has reassured his sullen crew, but his own words mock him.

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* There were three ships in the fleet of Columbus — the Santa Maria, the Nina, and the Pinta. Martin Alonzo Pizon, who furnished money and men for this expedition, commanded the Pinta, and his brother served as pilot.

† Columbus had much trouble with his crew. They were afraid of the ocean when they left home, and, believing the world to be flat, expected to be tumbled into a great, dark pit of monsters at any time. They would have compelled Columbus to turn back if land had not appeared soon.

He believes, indeed, that land is near; but in his secret heart he knows it may not appear in time to satisfy his men.

Even the stout heart of his benefactor and captain, Martin Alonzo Pizon, has failed; and even he will demand a return if land does not appear soon.

All mutiny is hushed tonight. Every eye in the fleet is straining forward into the darkness. Each man is eager for the pension* promised by the queen to the one who first sights land.

Columbus is too restless for the couch. Ten o'clock finds him again on deck, also looking into the darkness. Suddenly his careless, roving eyes become true mariner's eyes. They pierce the darkness with a steady gaze. "Is that a light out there dancing on the water? Yes, it surely is." Columbus asks a man near if he sees a light. "Yes," the man thinks he does. Then he calls Roderigo Sanchez (*San-chey*), official telltale, sent by the sovereigns of Spain to vouch for all things reported by Columbus. This official comes lumbering up to the point of lookout, but can see no light because, to quote Columbus's own words, "he did not look where it was."

Soon a sailor in the forecastle shouts, "A light! a light!" and is informed that the admiral has seen it.

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*Queen Isabella had promised a life pension to the one who first sighted land. Columbus claimed it because he saw a light the first of all. However, this was probably not on land, but in a canoe on water. A sailor was the one who first saw land, and should have had the pension.

Interest now waxes hot on board the Santa Maria. Hope has become almost surety that land lies out there, and all eyes are strained to catch the first glimpse. Columbus stands like one in a dream. "Is it really true? Has he found land on the other side of the Atlantic? Has he proved to mocking sages that this earth is not a little plate-like plane, floating in a small sea, but a great globe hanging in endless space? Is Cathay, the Cathay of his boyhood dreams, out there in the darkness?" Oh, night shadows, lift your black pall and let the golden towers of this enticing land glitter into longing eyes!

Orders are given to shorten sail, and the three ships proceed more slowly.

Ship bells strike the midnight hours. Eleven o'clock! the moon rises, but no phantom towers rise with it from the great ocean. Twelve o'clock! the moon is playing on measureless waters, and all eyes are still watching. One o'clock! strained eyes still pierce the moonlit sea in vain. Half-past one! there is no sound except from the cleft waters as they glide back into softly rolling waves. Almost two o'clock! — stop a moment! The next sixty seconds must not be glided over without thought. These little specks of time are twisting history into other channels. They roll off the old and usher in the new. Something will be known of this world now. The clear atmosphere of scientific truth will take the place of dense superstition. The grandest achievement of mortal man has been accomplished. A new

world has been discovered. Tyranny may begin to dig its grave, for the torch of Liberty is soon to be lighted.

A boom from a lombard* on the Pinta silences the two strokes of the morning hour. A flag is slowly hoisted from her masthead. "Land! land!" rings from this little ship ahead. "Land! land!" is taken up by the Nina behind; and the cry rolls back to the Santa Maria, to be rung again in Columbus's ears by his own joyful crew.

There is no mistake this time. Roderigo de Triano, a sailor at the masthead of the Pinta, had caught the first glimpse of the New World.

The ships come close together, and move slowly towards the black outline which to unskilled eyes looks like a long black cloud on the horizon.

Still Columbus stands and watches. Gold has been the glittering witch which lured men to brave the dangers of this awful ocean. She floats there in the air, beckoning to the great explorer; and heeding this alluring tempter, he longs for the sun to rise and flash the gleaming splendor of Cathay† into his eyes.

We draw the veil when daylight comes and brings no grand city with streets of gold. A green isle with lofty trees is all the hunters for the land of spice and gold can see.

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* Large gun.

† Cathay was a fabled land of which Columbus had heard when a boy. Report said the streets of the cities of this land were paved with gold, and the houses were roofed with the same precious metal.

Old Sol never crept up out of the sea to look on a more momentous scene. Yet it was a simple sight.

Three boats put out from three small ships, and are rowed towards a little island, green to the water's edge.

The first contains the tall grey-haired man, whose shifting fortunes we have followed. Not a disappointed wayfarer is he now. His favorite garb, the robe of a monk, has been put off. He is richly dressed and in full armor, while his rank of royal deputy is shown by a deep red scarf draped over his shoulders and falling almost to his feet. One hand is clasped about a staff, on which floats the banner of Castile, while the other rests on the hilt of his sword.

Two similar boats carry men who should never be forgotten — Martin Alonzo and Vincent Pizon, captains of the Pinta and the Nina, but entitled to long remembrance as sustainers of this expedition.

Each carries a banner, on which a green cross and the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella (*Ysabella*), F. and Y., are prominent.

Dark, naked creatures, with beardless faces and streaming hair, are running about on shore.

It is doubtful if more surprised creatures ever existed. They gaze in wonder at those huge canoes with wings, which they saw come straight out of the sky.* It would probably not surprise them if a flock of heavenly beings should raise their white wings and fly to land from these sky ships.

*A ship when first seen on the horizon seems to come out of the sky.

It is soon apparent that the supposed heavenly creatures are coming in another way. They are coming in canoes of many paddles, and are marvelous white creatures that look much like men, with the exception of hair on their faces. Not a wing can the simple natives see, and the clothes puzzle them.

The first boat hardly touches the sandy beach before impetuous Columbus draws his sword from its scabbard, and leaps to the land it has been the dream of his life to discover. With emotion too strong to be controlled, he prostrates himself further, and, with tears of joy streaming from his eyes, presses his lips three times to this precious earth.

Every man who lands does the same. This moment is too solemn and has cost too much for artificial dignity to restrain true feeling.

A little group immediately forms about the admiral. Official reporters of his every act are on one side, and on the other stand the Pizons. Around are grouped officers and crews, while fringing the outer edge are dark forms of the natives, who come stealing from neighboring bushes to see what this marvelous visitation means.

In a clear voice Columbus calls on the officials to note that he takes possession of this land in the name of the sovereigns of Castile. He christens it San Salvador; a cross is planted, and then he calls on all to take the oath of allegiance to him as admiral and viceroy, representing his sovereign.

A scene of triumph follows. Men who have plotted to throw this man overboard, who have scoffed at him as a lunatic, revere him now. His ridiculed theories have become actualities, and he is one of the greatest of men.

Willingly they not only take the oath, but on bended knees affectionately beg his pardon. Then the admiral prays.

Savages' heads are bowed with white ones. They realize that these white creatures from the sky are talking to the Great Spirit. All fear vanishes. These strange beings must mean good to them.

When the prayer ends, they make signs to Columbus that they too will adore him as a god, and worship his men also, if it is necessary. They bring fruit and other food, and try every art known to their simple minds to propitiate these heavenly visitants.

The food is devoured in such earthly fashion that the natives begin to wonder if these may not be men after all.

They approach closer. They feel the clothes, pass their hands over the beards, and touch the white skin of the beautiful strangers.

Soon bargaining begins. Bits of broken crockery, pieces of bright cloth, beads, and other trinkets come from the sailors' pockets, to the delight of the poor Indians, and are exchanged for birds, snakes, food, arrowheads, and even pieces of gold.

When asked where they find gold, they point to the

rising sun. When questioned about Cathay, they shake their dark heads.

The golden witch still beckons. Columbus does not linger on this green isle. With a smile, we leave him inquiring for Cathay.

The home of freedom is now waiting for its children; but the daring man, whose strong will has battered down the wall of superstition which hid it, and who flung wide open the portals of a New World, does not dream that this little isle is the gateway of a hemisphere.

He sails on, still hunting for old Cathay, still chasing the phantom of his golden dream.

Two Glimpses of a Great Man.

HISTORICAL REVIEW. — Nothing was done about Cabot's discovery for about twenty years. An expedition had made its way around Africa to Asia, and the route across the Atlantic was not of such interest now; enthusiasm spent itself over the new route.

It is supposed by some that Sebastian Cabot sailed with his father on this voyage. Later this son Sebastian claims to have done many things which recent investigation does not prove he actually did.

The history of our country would have been greatly changed if Spain, instead of England, had secured possession of North America.

A Venetian gentleman wrote home from London, and tells of Cabot's dress and title. The old "English Chronicles" have a few statements about him at the time of his voyage; but little is known of his life.

A MAN once lived in England about whom the world would like to know more than it does. There is dispute as to where he was born, and no one knows when he died or where he was buried.

Among the many guesses which surround his name is one which hints that he died at sea, and the great ocean was his burial-place.

One page in history is sufficient to tell all the world really knows about this man; but his deeds have been

too great for such small space, so historians feel inclined to guess many pages more concerning a life and character of such renown.

This man was one of a colony of bold Venetian seamen who lived in a corner of Bristol, England. Great writers have argued well to prove that he was born in Genoa. Venice claims him as a Venetian by birth, as he certainly was by adoption.

1490 is probably the date of his bringing his family to Bristol; but no one is sure of the exact date. It is sure, however, that in this man's time Bristol was the liveliest trading port in England, and the merchant mariner about whom we have been talking was one of its most skilful navigators.

Some news floated to England in 1492 which set the country wild. The news said that a certain Don Christopher Columbus had really sailed across the Atlantic from Spain, and over the wide ocean had found land, probably outlying islands of Cathay (Asia).

Ideas of everything must be changed now. People knew, but could hardly understand, that this was a round, not a flat, world on which we live. When Columbus's discovery was reported, everybody was so astonished that they held their breath. Even the most frivolous stopped to whisper, "This deed of Columbus is more than human." Stories of the great dark sea had vanished as if by magic.

Bristol had been wondering what was out there in the sea, for many years. Some of her wealthy citizens had

helped this Venetian mariner to go on expeditions which came to naught.

Now the old fever for adventure returned. This adopted citizen of Bristol wanted to go in quest of what Columbus had not found—the mainland of Cathay, or Asia; and so great was the confidence in him, that the king fitted out a ship in which he sailed.

We had better stop here to get one real glimpse of him. The old "English Chronicles" tell us that he was: "*A Venetian which made himself expert and cunning in the knowledge and circuit of the world and islands by carde*" (chart).

His ship was named the Mathew. It was a very small vessel, and manned by only eighteen sailors.

On board the small ship was a letter from the king, authorizing the commander to *take possession of whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathens and infidels wheresoever they may be, in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have not been known to all Christians.*

This king's English is a little tiresome, so we will turn from this pompous letter, and join a crowd which has assembled about his palace, Whitehall, in London. Several weeks have passed since John Cabot sailed from Bristol. All London knows he has returned, and is in the palace relating wonderful adventures to the king. Some of the adventures have been gossiped about the street. People want to see the man about whom there is so much excitement; therefore they wait.

It is three hundred and ninety-nine years since this London crowd waited for a glimpse of John Cabot, and the glimpse they got is about the only one the world will ever have of a remarkable man.

After four centuries we are as anxious to know and see him as the people about Whitehall Palace in 1497; but curiosity will never be satisfied about the man whose voyage was next in importance to Columbus's own.

When he came out of the palace a crowd of court danglers surrounded him, eagerly questioning; and we are told "*the people run after him like mad.*"

The people saw a man past middle age, bronzed and rugged. His clothes were of richest silk and velvet. Those who speak to him call the discoverer "Admiral"; therefore the king must have honored him with the title.

Old "English Chronicles" say that being a foreigner and poor, this John Cabot would have been called a liar by the people but for his crew. Many of them were Bristol men, and they confirmed what the Venetian reported.

In this they were unlike the people of Spain, who did not question Columbus's truth when he asserted that he saw mermaids; nor did they doubt when it was said that a race of people in the New World had been found, which was born with horns and tails like animals.

Cabot makes no effort to tell big stories. He informs the people about him that he sailed from Bristol in May. On the 24th of June, 1497, he discovered what he supposed to be Cathay (China). The last of July he was again in Bristol.

He saw no human being, although he sailed three hundred leagues down the coast of the new country. What he did see was an enormous quantity of fish. In one place the sea was so full of codfish that it appeared like a slimy pool of wriggling life, and if a basket were let down it could be hauled up full of fish.

He sailed for home without exploring, because he was short of food.

That is all the glimpse there is to give of Cabot the elder.

His independence in sailing straight across from England, instead of following the southern course of the Spanish navigator, bore fruit which the people of the times could not foresee. All acknowledge him now as the first discoverer of the continent of North America.

He knew that he had touched mainland; and that short, successful voyage gave England its foothold in the New World, and made it possible for the powerful, liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon to found this mighty republic.

Dancing to the God of the New World.

FIFTY thousand dusky faces are looking into the eyes of their keen old chief, as he stands up to tell them that the Spaniards are coming to invade fair Cuba. He holds up a little palm-tree basket filled with gold and says:

"They leave their homes and disturb us for a great Lord they are very fond of."

"This is the Lord they serve; him they follow; and, as you have already heard, they are about passing over hither to seek this Lord; therefore let us make a great festival and dance to him, to the end that when they come he may order them to do us no harm."

In the quaint words of an old historian (Harris): "Accordingly they all began to sing and dance until they were quite tired, for it was their custom to dance as long as they could stand, from nightfall until break of day; and their dances were as in Hispaniola (now San Domingo) to the music of their songs; and though fifty thousand men and women were assembled, no one differed from the rest in the motion of their heads and bodies. But those of Cuba far exceeded the natives of Hispaniola; their songs being far more agreeable."

Picture it, you who can, fifty thousand lithe, dark bodies dancing under Cuban palms to appease the wrath of the white man's god—gold!

One hundred thousand eyes are fixed on the little basket of gold; one hundred thousand hands are stretched out in supplication to it! Fifty thousand dark, graceful bodies sway as one! Fifty thousand heads move line on line! What athletic field ever presented a scene so inspiring?

The moon, so clear and bright in this tropical country, adds to the weird beauty of the scene by making fifty thousand dancing shadows which sway with the dancing figures. Its soft light also steals through the trees, and thousands of other moving shapes are created out of leaves and branches. This Cuban grove seems like a shadow world.

Although so shadowy, it is not a silent scene. The dance-song pours from fifty thousand lips—a low, sad, crooning sound that swells and rises to the skies like the wail of a lost race, as indeed it is.

The long hours between nightfall and daybreak wear on, and still the dancing continues. The yellow god of the white man lies in the basket without any sign of pleasure at this festival in its honor. Dancers become weary; slower is the motion, until daylight sees but a wearied, gentle swing, and apparent gladness that it is time to stop.

Tired with singing and dancing before the little basket of gold, they once again listen to their chief.

"Do not keep the Lord of the Christians in any place whatsoever," he says; "for if he were inside of you they would fetch him out. Therefore, cast him into the river."

The little basket is taken, and its contents of gold is flung into the river's depths.

NOTE.—Fifty thousand Cuban Indians actually danced all night before a little basket of gold, which metal their chief had concluded was the real god of the Spaniards.

Their anxiety to appease this queer god arose from the fact that they heard the white men were coming to settle on their island. The remarkable speech is recorded in "Harris's Voyages."

The scene must have been weird beyond description, and sad as it was strange. The moon in Cuba and other tropical countries is much brighter than in more northern parts.

Dancing to songs seems to have been a part of their religious service in most Indian tribes. The dance was generally a slow, swaying motion, and whole tribes became expert in moving in a uniform way. Dances to celebrate victory were more vigorous in motion.

A Funny Scene.

AFTER Columbus died, adventurers poured over the sea to inhabit the lands he discovered, and search for the gold he never found.

Many of these were wild and reckless men from the mountain regions of Spain. With these mountain robbers came men from noble families, whose fortunes had been squandered, and who hoped to rob the much dreamed of Cathay and thus become rich without effort. These were not much more honest than the outlaws.

None of them made peaceful settlements at first. They came for gold, and wandered from place to place in search of it.

Suffering and fighting hardened them, until their natures became cruel as tigers; and they not only fought the Indians, but fought among themselves like wolves.

Gentle natives were killed for no offense except the one which enraged these gold hunters: the poor Indians were unable to tell them where to find the golden land their oppressors had come to seek.

So cruel were some of these Spanish adventurers that they actually hunted Indians—women and children as well as men—with dogs for sport.

On account of quarrels in Hispaniola (*His'pan-i-o'-la*) a company was to emigrate from there.

They were to sail under the command of a wealthy lawyer of that island, named Encisco (*An-cēs'-co*), and intended to go to some friends who had emigrated before them to a place in Central America called San Sebastin.

Now on this island of Hispaniola lived a certain young Spanish adventurer of the sort described. He was of noble but poor family, and was such a mixture of bravery and cowardice, good humor and cruelty, and of piety and dishonesty, that it is pretty hard to say what kind of a man he was.

By law of the island this man could not leave Hispaniola because he either would not or could not pay his debts.

Among the barrels and boxes of provision which were placed on board Encisco's (*An-cēs'-co's*) ship, came a cask from the farm of this man. It was placed among the stores, and probably marked "tobacco," "potatoes," or something similar.

The ship was well out to sea when it was noticed that a man was making his way out of this cask. A group surrounded it immediately; and as the handsome, unscrupulous, dark face of a man about thirty-five years of age came into view, all recognized the farmer who did not pay his debts.*

*Vasco Nuñez De Balboa (*Vas-co Noo-nāz*) was an unwelcome guest on board this ship until a storm arose which dashed the ship

Amid jeers he scrambled out of the barrel, and on all sides heard the frank remark that he had taken this way to run away from those he owed.

Precise Lawyer Encisco (*An-cēs'-co*) was called, and scandalized that his ship had been assisting a runaway to escape. The angry commander threatened to put the culprit ashore on an uninhabited island to starve.

All boldness left the dark face. The unwelcome passenger fell on his knees, and begged not to be put off thus. With tears and prayers he entreated the commander for life and protection, and promised the best of behavior.

His entreaties finally prevailed. Putting him on his good conduct, the exact lawyer allowed the reckless Balboa who was to be his ruin, to go on with his company.

The incident is worth remembering, for the contents of that cask figure again on the pages of history.

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on a shore unknown to Encisco. It was the mainland, the Isthmus of Darien. Balboa had been there before, and said he could lead them to an Indian village where the natives did not use poisoned arrows, and where they would all be kindly treated. He did as he agreed. Finally, the colony made a settlement not far from the place they first set out to find.

The Speech of an Indian Prince.

ON the Isthmus of Darien, about the year 1512 or 1513, a scene is taking place which is worth adding to our mental picture gallery.

The scene is in an Indian village; not a village of tent-like wigwams, but streets of wood and mud huts thatched with palms and clay. There are traces of civilization in this remote wild region, among these untutored men of the forest. Way back in the centuries some ancestor must have had and left in these savage minds an idea of a home.

The erect old chief, Comogre (*Com'-o-gree*), is receiving guests today.

His palace is a large, wooden building, one hundred fifty yards in length and eighty in breadth, and a stone wall surrounds this immense structure. Inside, it is furnished well, exceedingly well for the home of a savage chief, and the food compares favorably with that of civilized people.

Several sorts of drink made from fruit, and not much inferior to wine, is furnished the visitor.

The chief is partially clothed himself; but his warriors

who stand about are naked. Each holds his long, strong bow, and the sheath tied to his hip is full of arrows.

The old Indian king wants the white visitors to know that he lives in greater splendor than any chiefs of the surrounding tribes; and all the wealth he can display is out for show, while gifts for the guests are brought by attendants.

The visitors are white men — Spaniards. One is an old acquaintance; we saw him crawling out of a barrel on board ship, and left him on his knees begging for mercy.

He is very erect now. The runaway debtor, who took such ignoble means to get away from Hispaniola, has made a jump on fortune's heights, and scaled a landing as governor of Darien.

Social visits of Spanish governors in these times are not made to charm away the time. They go calling on their simple neighbors for the sake of what they can get. These forest highwaymen visit with sword in hand. If the chiefs are not ready with presents of gold, of food, and of slaves, they must get them for their white visitors, or die.

Comogre (*Com'-o-gree*), however, wants to make friends with the Spaniards. Gifts of gold wrought into ornaments, and plate of considerable beauty, with pearls, are in plain sight, and a group of miserable creatures doomed to be beasts of burden or slaves stand near.

The white men are received cordially, but they hurry

BALBOA AND THE INDIAN PRINCE. — "Is it for this you leave your country and trouble peaceful nations?"

through ceremony, devour food and drink with more speed than civility; then they seize with greedy hands the gold and pearls.

The leader is given his share with a fair degree of dignity; but scales are promptly brought out, and sharp eyes are fixed on every tiny bit of the precious gold as they begin to weigh it. An old Spanish historian tells us that a "babbling among the Spanish arose about the dividing of the gold."

The eldest son of Comogre, a fine young Indian prince, looks on at this ignoble clamor, and cannot conceal his disgust; so, hitting the scales with his hand, he dashes the gold in all directions, exclaiming:

"What is this, Christians? Is it for such a little thing that you quarrel and make so much turmoil about —a little gold which nevertheless you melt down from beautifully wrought work into rude bars? *

"If you have such love of gold that to obtain it you harass the peaceful nations of the lands, and suffer such labors, banish yourselves from your own lands, I will show you a country where you may fulfil your desires. But it is necessary for this that you should be more in numbers than you now are; for you would have to fight your way with great kings, and among them, in the first place, King Tubanama† (*Tu'-ba-na-ma*), who abounds with this gold, and whose country is distant from us six suns."

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* The Spaniards carried a melting apparatus with them, and melted the gold into bars for money.

† King Tubanama was a chief of Darien.

"Cathay!" cried Balboa. "Cathay!" echoed his followers.

Now the young prince is showered with questions. He tells them of a great sea towards the south, and a little way over the sea lies a land of gold, where the people eat from golden dishes and drink from golden cups.

The prince is sure a thousand men will be needed to conquer this land. He says he knows, because their own people had wars, and one of his tribe had been a captive in that country.

He ends by offering to accompany the Spaniards, and says they may "hang him to the next tree" if his words did not prove true.

"It will restore me to the favor of the king if I can find that ocean and that land," thought Balboa.

A stronger and more unscrupulous man than Balboa also listened to the prince's tale. It was a sturdy captain named Pizarro. To quote again from the old Spanish historian:

"Of all the captains who listened to this naked young man, and pondered in their minds, none more earnestly considered his sayings."

The Spanish gather up the gifts of gold; they place their burdens on the backs of the slaves, and turn for a forest march to their own town of Darien.

As they tramp through swamp and jungle, as they scale rocky heights and look up lofty mountains, the resolve is settled to brave all dangers, press over the

wild mountains, and find the sea about which Indians have been telling for years.*

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* This is the first time any definite information was given to the Spaniards about the Pacific Ocean and Peru.

A little later another story was added to this one of the Indian prince. Balboa was told that there was a river in which the natives fished for gold with nets. This story was sent to Spain, and set that country wild. Such fishing was easy and to the taste of all. Emigrants came pouring over, with fish nets all prepared; but the river has not yet been discovered. Many Americans would like to find and fish in it.

It is probable that the Indians often invented marvelous stories about the abundance of gold in certain places. They did this to get rid of the Spaniards, and please them.

Indians cared little for gold. They did not use it for money, and it did not represent wealth to them. The love of the white man for this yellow metal puzzled the natives sorely. They felt that it was ignoble, unless it were associated with the great God of the white men in some mysterious way.

A New Ocean.

GREAT deeds have a way of eluding men that governments appoint to do them, and slipping into obscure hands which nature herself has trained for their accomplishment.

For years American Indians had hinted that a mighty ocean lay towards the west. They could not tell where. This chief had heard it from that chief; one chief's grandfather had heard it from another chief's grandfather; so the vague legend ran until the son of Comogre (*Com'-o-gree*) told the white gold-lovers how to find it.

Europe sent learned geographers to find that South Sea; but these great men went home with no tale to tell, no new sea to put on maps.

A journey now across the Isthmus of Panama takes little over two hours. It is made in a modern car which is drawn by a puffing engine, up rocky heights, over bridged rivers and ravines, through tunneled chasms, and finally down winding slopes to the sea.

Science has swept a path through these beautiful, wild, palm-covered mountains; still nature holds stubborn sway.

The first journey over this wild Isthmus of Panama was one of the most remarkable ever attempted by man. It was made by Balboa, almost four hundred years ago. He had with him one hundred ninety armed men, some bloodhounds, and a company of nine hundred Indian slaves to carry burdens. It took twenty-five days.*

This first journey did not begin at Aspinwall, where the present railroad starts. The first journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific began at Darien, south of there, and ended on the Pacific, near the Gulf of San Miguel.

In order to get an idea of this wonderful march, the mental eye must see a rugged mountain region made up of jagged peaks and intervening valleys. There are awful chasms, and rivers that puzzle by their winding course; but these are not the greatest opposers to the onward march of man. Rank vegetation is the foe that holds him back. Valley and peak alike are covered, not only with forest trees which have been standing for ages, but descendants of these giants of the wild wood in all stages of growth crowd close between.

Branches thick with leaves interlace until few rays of sun can penetrate this solid roof of green. Vines climb wildly from tree to tree; they twist and turn, and cross and recross, mingling with a luxuriant growth of fern

* We are told that on this journey the Indians, seeing so few Spaniards, generally made little account of them till they felt their swords. When they drew near, the Spanish saluted them with their firearms first, and then with their crossbows, after which they let go the dogs.

and cactus near the earth, forming a matted, tangled mass which leaves room only for the slimy life of the reptile and insect world.

An axe must cut a way before the foot of man can take its place beside that of the animal in this tropical mountain wild.

The equatorial sun beats fiercely, and tropical rains pour drenching torrents. Slimy reptiles crawl about the feet of the marching invaders, so thick that they are crushed under the heel. The growl of wild beasts, the chattering of monkeys, the sour smell of fermenting leaves, deadly vapors rising, lack of food — all add to the discomfort and peril.

A way is cut through this tangled mass, only to find that a path has been opened to what appears to be an impassable ravine. Rivers bar the way, and rafts must be made to cross them. When nature ceases to be such a staunch foe, and appears to have been tamed by man to some extent, another danger confronts the explorers. Tribe after tribe of hostile Indians must be fought and conquered.

Thus, battling with nature and with man, the first journey from ocean to ocean has almost been finished.

On a table-land just under a jagged height, Indian guides tell Balboa that if he goes up that mountain he will see the South Sea. It is the 25th day of September, 1513. The leader stops. Are his Indian guides correct? Is the rumored sea he has suffered so much to find to be seen from that stony height?

The heart of Balboa begins to throb. All that is best in this unscrupulous and cruel man comes to the front. He decides to go up that height alone. With no eye but God's he will face triumph or failure.

Up the steep sides he climbs, and who can measure his emotions as his eye sweeps down from the top, over less lofty ridges—down, down to a calm, blue sea which surrounds all the land in sight?

Long centuries have kept a picture memorable and noble in mind. Alone on this rocky height of the Sierras, this bearded Spaniard kneels and gives thanks to God for permitting him to make this discovery. Rising, he beckons to his followers, and they too ascend and look.

Bold are the hearts of these brave adventurers, and cruelly bloody are their hands; but behold them now. It takes no urging to get them on their knees to God in this hour of solemn thankfulness. All kneel to pour out thanks for being permitted to do a great thing; and when this hearty and sincere devotion ends, Balboa says:

"You see here, gentlemen and children mine, how our desires are being accomplished, and the end of our labors. Of that we ought to be certain. For as it has turned out true what King Comogre's son told us of this sea, so I hold for certain that what he told us of there being incomparable treasures in it will be fulfilled. God and his blessed mother, who has assisted us so that we should arrive here and behold this sea, will favor us so that we may enjoy all there is in it."

NOTES.—When the Indians saw the fire of muskets, heard a report, smelled powder, observed how many dropped dead, they turned their backs and fled. They thought the fire from the muskets, lightning; and the Spaniards, devils.

Three days after seeing the Pacific from the mountain, Balboa marched to the ocean, and, wading up to his thighs in water, solemnly took possession of it and all it contained in the name of the king of Castile, and called on a notary to witness what he did. The Indians looked on in amazement at the strange ceremony of taking possession. Balboa did not know that he was taking possession of about one-half the earth's surface.

He had no idea of the size of the Pacific. America was still supposed to be a large island or small continent lying off Asia, or Cathay, as the Spaniards called it. The land where gold was so plentiful that the people used it for cups and dishes, and which lay, according to Indian tradition, a little way across the sea, probably still meant Cathay to the Spanish. America was not a vast continent to them.

Balboa was popular with his men, because, we are told, "he showed no difference between himself and other soldiers." Although extremely cruel to the Indians, he was kind to his own sick soldiers, and showed many noble traits, in spite of irregularities of conduct which better became a freebooter than a civilized man.

A Statue of Earth.

THE broad, calm Pacific is undisturbed because a black whiskered Spaniard waded into its waters and took possession of it.

On its shore stands a large group of the men who have made a wonderful march and cut a road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Surrounding them is a group of friendly natives. One, a chief named Tumaco (*Tu-ma'-co*), is giving information. Pointing towards Peru, he says:

"The land extends much in that direction, and the people have great quantities of gold. They use certain beasts to carry their burdens. These beasts are the sheep of that country," and kneeling down he modeled a statue of earth. It was a strange, horned, short-legged, hump-backed creature,* of a kind unknown to the Spaniards. Some said it was a camel, others a deer. Most of them did not know what it was, but all felt they would know soon, for this was the second time they had heard of this land of much gold; and to go to it and obtain vast wealth was now the purpose of two on-lookers to this scene,—one was Balboa and the other his captain, Pizarro.

* The figure made by Tumaco was that of the llama (*lă'-mă*).

That statue of earth and the little talk with friendly Indians set Spanish tongues chattering as they lounge about their camp-fire by the side of the vast ocean which they have just discovered.

Visions of great wealth float through their minds. Balboa thinks of a stately home in old Spain restored to splendor; while through Pizarro's mind float different visions. There is no sweet home scene for a background to this rugged soldier's dream.

As he lies on that sandy shore, a miserable hovel and an abused, overworked child are the principal figures that memory brings from the land of his birth. There is a mother poor in affection as well as in worldly goods, and a father whose proud, rich family will not recognize him at all. Neither of these, so closely allied by blood, stir his heart to one throb of affection. They had thrust him upon the world with less care than is an animal's due.

Ah, strange working of events. Balboa, the leader of this great expedition, lying there so strong and masterful, will never realize his great ambition.

Older Pizarro, now simply a rough, obedient soldier, will go back to a little Spanish village, not as a common soldier and remembered as a small, dirty swineherd, but as a nobleman of Spain. His proud father's family will meet him now with outstretched arms, and it is to the undaunted discoverer's great credit that half-brothers on both father's and mother's side become such devoted friends that they follow him to the New World. The

outcast elder brother will become, not only the foundation of future fame and fortune in the family, but to the end of his life he will remain the protector and friend of the kin who did so little for him as a child.

Did any of this cross his mind as he lay there dreaming by that queer statue of earth ?

NOTES. — The Indians did not use gold for money. They cared little for it, and wondered to see the Spanish melt the pretty ornaments given them, into little squares. Indeed, it is reported that the son of Comogre reproved them for this.

When they understood the Spanish greed for gold, and wanted to make friends with these wielders of thunder and lightning, they collected gold and pearls for the Spanish with the same indifference to their value as a child who gathers pretty shells on the beach for another child.

Tumaco verified all that Comogre's son had said of the land of gold.

The road made by Balboa was used for a long time, and travel back and forth was so constant that the governor of Darien for a while lived on the Pacific coast.

Balboa was beheaded by the governor of Darien, a wicked man, who feared his influence ; so the conquest of Peru fell into the hands of Pizarro.

Pizarro's life as a child was not happy. He was obliged to work like a little slave, taking care of pigs. He lived with his mother in a little hovel. Finally he ran away from home and entered the army. He never went back to his birthplace until Spain had ennobled him for his discoveries ; then he went to raise men for the expedition.

A Visit from the Children of the Sky God.*

HISTORICAL REVIEW. — In 1519 Hernando Cortez, a young and daring Spanish adventurer, sailed from Cuba to make discoveries in New Spain, now Mexico. As he advanced into the interior, signs of wealth and civilization increased; so he determined to conquer the country. He was aided in his purpose by the superstition of the people, who received the Spaniards as gods, and thought their firearms thunder and lightning given by the sky god.

AMERICAN boys and girls cannot receive visits from sky gods unless they do much supposing. Let us suppose.

Suppose you are a Mexican Indian and have never seen a white man. Suppose you are the kind of an Indian who lives in a well-built town of clay and stone, with temples and streets, with reservoirs of water, with a great stone palace for your king, and many comforts and customs of civilized life.

Naturally you despise the homeless savage who roams the forest, and think him far beneath a Mexican like yourself.

Suppose you have a strange religion and worship many strange gods. Among them is a sky god who hurls thunder and lightning when he is angry, and makes the sky sweet and blue when he is his smiling self.

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* An old Mexican legend said the children of the sky god — fair creatures with a great animal — would come sometime to destroy

You have heard an old tale which has been repeated from grandmother to grandmother in your nation, which says that this beautiful sky god will come sometime with fair creatures like himself to overthrow your people.

Suppose a mighty and mysterious name hovers over not only your nation but every nation in the vast lands about. All speak this name with awe, fearful lest some unseen power carry every critical word to the ears of the mighty emperor whose kingdom is far over the mountain ranges and high up on a lofty plain.

The empire of this mystical monarch is a fairyland of splendor to you. So far as you know he is the greatest ruler on earth, and his people live in the most splendid way in the grandest cities in the world. The name of this emperor is Montezuma (*Mon-te-zu-ma*), and his people are called Aztecs (*Az-tecks*). Grand as you think your king, he is but a servant to this terrible monarch, and must help sustain that dread master by heavy taxes.

Suppose some day startling news comes to your mountain city. Report says that the sky god and his wonderful white children have descended on the land.

These heavenly creatures came over the water in a

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the nation. Cortez and his followers were supposed to be these children of the sky god referred to.

The Indians had never seen a horse and had never seen a white man. They thought horse and rider one creature, and were in deadly terror when they saw it coming. The Mexicans fully believed the Spaniards were supernatural. The firearms was another thing they had not seen and of which they were afraid.

great white-winged building, and are climbing the mountains and marching toward the imperial city of Montezuma.

You are puzzled to picture these children of the sky.

The spies say they are all beautiful and fair. Some are in shape and size of men; others are part man and part animal. They are clothed in glittering raiment,* and a beard covers their faces.

Wild stories come about these man-animals, or gods, or whatever they are, and you creep to bed in a tremble, and dream of these unearthly creatures who are overrunning the land.

A cry awakens you. "They are here! they are here!"

A solemn fear hovers over the city. With sixty thousand other people you creep into the street and wait like one in a dream for the mysterious creatures who have come to enslave you.

It is a time of tumult and sorrow. Priests are sacrificing victims in the temples and imploring the images you call gods for help. The king calls his warriors and gathers gifts of slaves and gold to coax the good will of the strangers. Women and children are in deadly terror.

At last you hear the blast of strange heavenly music.† Nothing like it ever came from your musical instruments. This sweet sound is soon drowned by the thunder of many clashing iron feet on your hard, smooth roads.

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* Steel armor. † A trumpet.

The clank and clash and motion is all so bewildering that you can hardly see what is coming. Finally amid the flash and glitter you see the strangest creature Mexican eyes ever beheld. The upper part is a man in shining dress.* He is bearded and beautiful; while under him is a monstrous but graceful animal which bears him swiftly along.

"Is it all one creature?" "It must be, of course." "It is a double creature." "How it paws the ground." "See! The man part speaks, and the four-footed part listens. That great black thing must be human, for it understands human speech." O look again! The man part has fallen to the ground, and the four-footed thing rears and snorts and plunges.

The people cry, "It is broken! The creature is broken to pieces!" † But is it?

No. The man part jumps up. He is tall and straight, and he does not seem to be afraid of the four-footed monster. "What is he going to do?" He leaps on the back of that great creature and makes the thing obey him.

A shrewd old warrior who stands watching remarks:

"That is not one creature. One is a man, and the four-footed thing is a new kind of animal which the sky god has given to bear him over the earth." Some believe this is true; some do not know; and all are in a tremble.

Presently another thing startles you. One of those

* Steel armor. † This a true anecdote.

godlike creatures lifts a long, slender black thing.* There is a report of thunder and a flash. A turkey falls dead.

All doubt vanishes now. These must be children of the sky god, for who else could arm them with thunder and lightning? Even the king cringes, and sends slaves swiftly forward with the gold.

One of the double creatures advances. Both the man part and the four-footed part are graceful. "This is a chief—perhaps it is the sky god himself. Beside him is a beautiful woman† of your own race. She speaks for him and tells you what he says."

You have heard of this woman before. Spies report that she always goes with the children of the sky god. They call her Marina.

"Hark!" Marina speaks, "these white men are superior beings. They have a god who will let no harm befall them. They are immortal. That means they cannot die. They are subjects of a great prince who lives far over the sea. This prince is far greater than the mysterious emperor whom you have considered the grandest monarch on the earth. These white men have been sent to free you from the power of awful Montezuma, who makes you pay so much to keep up his splendid city." Then she goes on to say, "Your gods are useless. You must give them up and accept the mighty God of the white men."

This you partly understand. You will accept the

* A gun. † See note on Marina.

white men's God in addition to your own; you think that the more gods you have, the better off you are; and then this white men's God must be a God of awful power.

When the wondrous strangers hear that you will accept their God, they plant a cross, and then with uncovered and bowed heads they begin to talk to this God. You would talk, too, if you knew what to say; but you do not.

Your people wish to please their visitors; so they take them to an iron cage where a beautiful youth is being fattened for sacrifice, and tell them that they may take him as an offering to their God.

They hold up their hands in horror. Still trying to please these fair strangers, you offer them a feast, and tell them that after the heart of the victim has been fed to the god, the body will be served up at a feast; but these strange white people are not pleased. They are more angry than ever.

A beautiful old man who looks like a priest talks earnestly to Marina; and she stands up to tell you that sacrifice is wrong, and that nothing would tempt a white creature to eat human flesh. It is all so puzzling.

The white men now march to the cage. They set not only this victim, but all victims intended for sacrifice, free. Next they go to the temples, and unheeding cries of protest, march straight to the awful presence of your hideous gods. Taking the objects which you have been taught to adore, they fling them to the ground and smash them to pieces.

You hold your breath, fearing something dreadful is about to happen; but nothing does. These fair beings must be more than human to dare to treat the gods like this.

There are no gods left now but that mysterious and mighty God of the white men. They tell you how to pray to him, leave you a cross, and then march on, taking your liberty and your gold.

Most of these white creatures love gold better than their God. The leader with the laughing eyes bade Marina explain to you that white men had a disease of the heart which could only be cured by gold.*

NOTES.—Marina was a faithful interpreter who had been given to the Spaniards as a slave.

Nothing had been found to equal the splendor of the Aztecs in the valley of Mexico; but all along the march from the sea to the plain of Mexico the Indians had well-built cities.

Cannibalism was common in Mexico and very revolting; always in connection with the victims sacrificed as told. Twenty thousand victims were sacrificed yearly among the Aztecs, and their bodies eaten at feasts.

Wild turkeys were plenty in Mexico and formed part of the food of the natives.

Cortez was fortunate in having a priest with him of more than ordinary intelligence. He explained what the natives could understand of the Christian religion, and did not attempt to puzzle them with the rest.

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* This anecdote of Cortez is true.

A Dream City.

"When we saw from thence so many cities and towers rising up from the water, and other populous places situated on land, we remained astounded, and said one to another that it appeared like enchanted castles which they tell of in the book of Amadis, by reason of the great towers and temples and edifices which were in the water, and all of them works of masonry. Some of the soldiers asked if that they saw was not a thing in a dream."

— One of Cortez's Soldiers.

THE wild march of Cortez and his Spanish soldiers is nearly over. They have come to a turn in the mountain path, and around the corner of those rocks a glorious surprise awaits them.

What causes this handful of white men and horde of dusky warriors to climb mountains of such height and such difficulty?

They are searching for a lofty plain on which the powerful Indian nation of the Aztecs is said to dwell.

Two kinds of Indians are familiar to these white men.

They know the wandering savage whose only home is a wigwam. They have fought the half-civilized Indian of Mexico. Which will they encounter in the Aztec?

The Spanish know that this far-famed nation is powerful; but is their power that of the untamed savage, or have they reached the higher type?

It is an interesting question, and mingled with their greed for gold is curiosity to encounter the Aztecs.

What care these hardy adventurers about the reputed fierceness of this nation? The conquering white men have forced tribe after tribe of these Mexicans to become frightened allies or unwilling bondsmen.

They have swept through the nations of these American wilds and left them captive to the white men forever. Now they will crown their work by subjugating the most powerful of all.

The Indian guides have led the way around that bend, and have halted on a little flat, green space. The Spanish captain is soon by their side, looking upon the realm he is to snatch from those whose birthright it is. Around him is a group of the most astonished white men the world has ever seen. In full view is the fair valley of Mexico. It has fairly burst upon their sight, and no wonder these rough soldiers exclaim that they have stumbled on a dream.

Below, encircled by shadowy, tree-covered mountains and on a lovely, lofty plain, lies the realm of mighty Montezuma (*Mon-tę-zu'-ma*).

Far from civilization, and hid among the lofty mountains of the New World, a nation has been discovered, the cities of which rival proud old Europe's.

Poor, helpless pen! how it longs to take you over the

burning lowlands of Mexico, up its rocky steeps, over its high plains, up still steeper heights, and at last into a gorge between two lofty mountains, and let you stand beside this company of four hundred white men and their seven thousand straight, dark Indian allies who are advancing on the capital of Mexico!

Both white and red men have heard that this land is fair, but its wonderful beauty astonishes them. The Europeans know that nothing in all this world surpasses the loveliness of this Indian realm.

Town after town, city after city, nestle among giant trees or, Venice-like, on the surface of mirroring lakes. Like a gem of exquisite setting the capital city, our Dream City, rises in their midst.

An enchanted pen dipped in magic ink could not describe this lovely city of the Aztecs.

Instead of lonely wigwams made of sticks and hides, there are long streets of palaces, vast and splendid. Instead of a single forest trail, great causeways of solid masonry lead into the imperial city. Instead of a whisper to the Great Spirit through branches of a spreading tree, there are massive and beautiful temples for worship.

The high plain itself, surrounded by mountains, dotted with shadowy lakes, studded with knolls of giant trees, is wildly picturesque; while cultivated fields, flowering orchards, and beautiful towns add another touch and make charming surroundings for the Dream City.

It is a towered and a templed city. The quarried

stone which rises so grandly in those temples and towers, tells a story which is not hard to read. There is skill in the hands which raised them, and the brains which planned buildings so massive and beautiful are not untutored. No lazy savages are these Aztecs.

This ancient City of Mexico lies wholly on a large salt lake which pictures her in its shadowy depths with loving care.

The mingled color of her red and white stone buildings is very beautiful from these far heights.

Parks and pleasure gardens can be seen. Vast terraced mounds of the greenest grass and brightest flowers rise to the height of village church steeples. On these gay mounds are towering temples or vast palaces of the Aztec nobles.

Besides the mighty causeways of solid stone which meet in the center of the city and connect it with the land, there are the most charming streets to be found in any city in the world. Some of them are wholly of water and are full of swift darting canoes. Some of them have paved sidewalks with a street of water, and some of the city's highways are entirely of land. Bridges span the streets, and drawbridges can cut off communication with land.

About this grand collection of massive buildings the blue lake swishes. Its green banks are not bare. Clusters of trees wave protectingly over pretty suburban towns on its shores which nearly surround the stately city on the lake.

Floating gardens move about in an unreal manner on the water, while whole streets of low, flat houses seem to be a part of fairyland. Their roof gardens, planted with shrubs and flowers, give them the appearance of being suspended between earth and water.

It is an enchanting spot on which these Spaniards are standing, and they are gazing on an enchanting scene.

The four hundred white men look with mingled feeling of admiration and fear. They know that people who can build such cities are skilful and powerful, and realize that at last something stronger than savage force has been met in the New World.

"Is it wise to go on?" they ask.

"Yes, on to victory or death," answers Cortez boldly; but his heart, too, is beating. He should look upon a scene which is taking place in the city on the lake, and he would be bolder yet.

Down there in the Dream City, in a palace so vast that three thousand can find shelter under its roof, sits a man bowed in grief. He has shut himself up in private apartments and refuses to eat or sleep. Not a movement have the Spanish made since they landed in his vast realm has been unknown to Montezuma. Spies have just told him now that the white men are nearing the imperial city. They are but a handful, still they have swept thousands out of their way.

Their terrible weapons are capable of repelling great hosts of simply armed red men, and their great God

appears to protect them and the monster animals on which they ride so swiftly.

So far as Montezuma can learn, no Spaniard has yet been harmed; so he cries out, "They are more than mortal."

The unhappy monarch summons both priests and council, but they cannot help him. Fate seems to drive him on, and the all powerful emperor of Mexico prepares for his strange white guests with dread in his heart.

NOTES.— Cortez was acting governor of Santiago when love of adventure and love of gold induced him to set out from Cuba to the unknown land which we now call Mexico. He was a gay, reckless young man. He had seen savage Indians in Cuba, therefore was astonished at what he found in Mexico. He found there well-built cities, with cultivated farms surrounding them. All the tribes told of a still more powerful nation, called Aztecs, who were ruled by a mighty emperor, Montezuma. This emperor was either feared or hated by the tribes, for he had conquered many of them and compelled them to pay heavy taxes to him.

Cortez easily persuaded some of these to become his allies and march with him to the far-famed capital of this emperor and overthrow his power.

The Aztecs lived over several ranges of mountains from the coast, on a lofty plain that was shut in by mountains.

It was not easy to get there, and the march of Cortez with his little band of white men is marvelous in the perils encountered and overcome. His few hundred men met and conquered fifty thousand Indians in one battle. This would not have been possible if it had not been for the superstitious awe in which the white men were held. Their firearms and horses struck terror to the Indians.

The four hundred Spanish and seven thousand Indian allies were now marching over the mountains, and a sudden turn brought the beautiful valley of Mexico into view.

The capital city, or Mexico — our Dream City — is said to have

been one of the most beautiful in the world. Its houses were of red or white stone. The streets were very regular. There were palaces which were grand, and beautiful temples that were very fine.

Within there were fine finishings of wood. Doors had not yet been invented. There were few openings for windows and for entrance with cotton hangings. The Aztecs cooked well. One of Cortez's soldiers says he counted thirty different dishes on Montezuma's table. Turkey was a common food.

It has been said that the first glimpse which the Spaniards had of ancient Mexico was the most romantic incident in the history of the world.

Entering the Dream City.

THERE was never a stranger procession than the one brought to your notice on this day of Nov. 8, 1519.

You cannot see it as an American boy, nearly four hundred years after it marched into the beautiful Dream City; so transform yourself for this great occasion. Pretend that you are the son of an Aztec* noble, and live in a vast stone palace in ancient Mexico.

On this day, so fatal to a great race of the New World, see with the eye of an Indian boy and hear with an Indian boy's ears.

You are not transforming yourself into a savage; your home is as grand as the home of any rich man's son in the United States, and is much larger. It is a palace in reality as well as in name. There are but two stories to it, but it is two hundred feet in length, and it is situated on a mound of grass and flowers. Its walls are hung with beautifully dyed cotton tapestry. There are bath rooms where you bathe, and dining halls, and

* Aztec was the name of the Indians who inhabited the valley of Mexico. They were industrious and highly civilized in many respects.

sleeping apartments in great number. The wood work is beautifully polished. No European boy has a more dainty table, or set with greater variety of fruits and vegetables than you; and Mexico is the native land of the turkey.*

There is no glass in the windows, but you do not mind that, and hangings† are used instead of doors.

You have canoes in which to paddle about from street to street, and servants to follow and see that no harm comes to you.

No boy, be he from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or Boston, lives in a city so beautiful; for no city has ever equaled ancient Mexico‡ in beauty, not even ancient Athens itself.

On this morning every boy in Mexico is up before the dawn, for a procession far more interesting than a circus parades your great causeway§ today; and what boy lingers in bed when a circus passes at daybreak?

From the low, flat roof of your father's palace you look down upon the lake in the dim, early light.

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* Turkeys were found in great quantities in Mexico, both wild and domesticated.

† Portieres are much older than doors.

‡ Ancient Mexico is said to have been the most beautiful city ever built. Its situation among the mountains and on a lake gave it a matchless setting; while its red stone buildings mingling with white plaster ones, so polished that they shone like silver, gave it a jewel-like appearance.

§ Three great causeways led from Mexico's central square to land. Some authors say there were four causeways.

It is already alive with canoes, and the banks are lined with people who are talking earnestly. For months you have heard startling stories. They say that a new race of men has appeared. These strangers are fair to look upon, and it is whispered that they are more than mortal.

Their marvelous conquests seem to prove their kinship to the powers above. Four hundred of them—some mounted on great animals—have subdued all the nations between the valley of Mexico and the sea.

Report says that this four hundred met in battle and overcame fifty thousand Indians.*

Now these dreaded strangers have climbed the fortress-like mountains, which Mexico thought guarded it so absolutely, and, descending into the valley, are marching swiftly to the imperial city itself.

To-day is the great day. These white men, half earthly and half heavenly to you, are expected within a few hours.

As a boy, you are anxious to see all that can be seen; but the thing about which Aztec boys have wondered most, is not the white men with beards; it is the monster animals† they ride, which Aztec people describe as, "bigger stags," than theirs. The boys are wild to see those great, snorting, pawing stags, which understand human speech and which bear white men swiftly over the earth.

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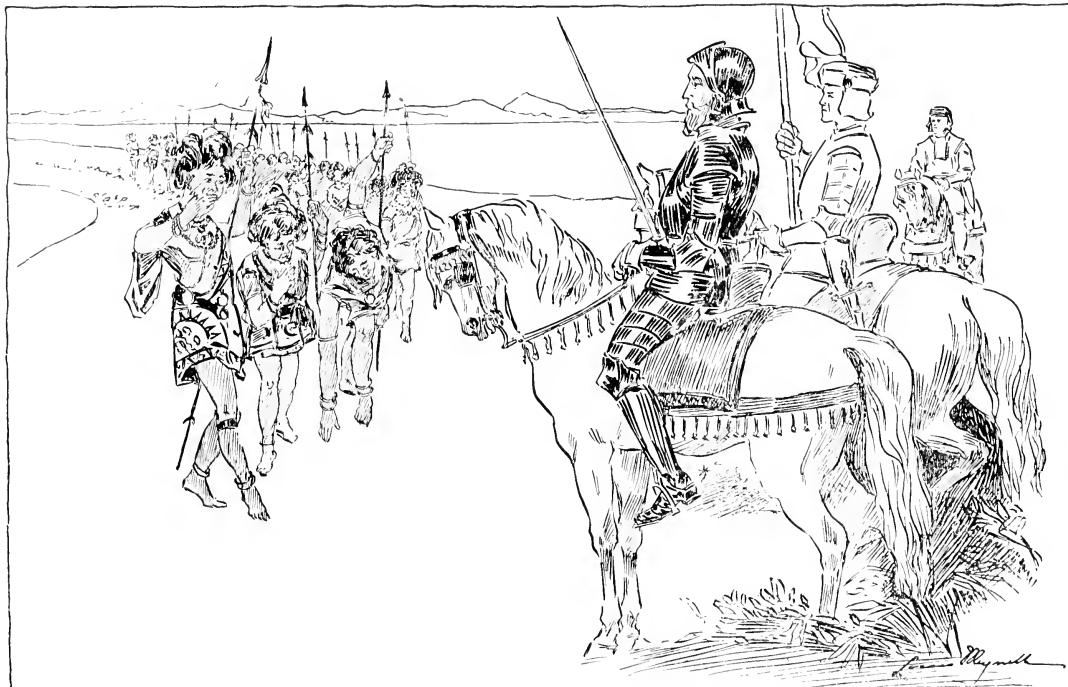
*This is true. Fifty thousand or more Indians were routed by a charge from Cortez's eighty horsemen.

† Aztecs had never seen a horse. They never made beasts of burden of any animal. Slaves performed the work a horse or ox would do to-day—carried burdens, dragged ploughs, etc.



MEXICAN INDIAN NOBLES SALUTING CORTEZ.

Nothing could seem more strange to an Aztec boy than a man venturing on the back of any animal, and you do not doubt it when you are told that it is by enchantment these wonderful men are able to stay on the backs of those stags. There was little sleep in the beautiful Dream City last night; a feeling of fear swept over it, and even you boys felt it.

This morning you stand on your father's roof and look towards a great temple placed on a mound* high enough to be called a small mountain. It is the temple of your sky god.

The coming white men are said to be nothing less glorious than children of this same sky god, so you send up a little prayer to that deity for protection against them.

A whisper about the emperor has added to the fear.

No American boy can realize what a very great man this emperor is to you. They can compare your pride in his conquests to a feeling they would have for a president who had brought glory to the United States; but, if the greatest hero-president the republic ever had, should claim godlike qualities, boys of the United States would laugh at and not revere him for doing it.

Not so with you. Montezuma† (*Mon'-te-zu'-ma*) is

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* Temples were placed on mounds, sometimes as high as ninety feet. Palaces of nobles, varying in height according to rank, were also on slight elevations.

† Montezuma was emperor of Mexico. He had conquered most nations that touched his empire, and continued to conquer until

your hero of heroes, for has he not subdued all nations about Mexico; but he is also in your estimation allied to the gods, and an object of deepest reverence.

His magnificent summer palace crowns a hill not far from the city, and no grander building was ever erected. You have seen his fine city palace, a house capable of sheltering thousands under its roof. Hundreds of servants minister to his wants on bended knees. He never wears the same robe twice, nor eats from the same dish a second time.

So great is this awful ruler that only nobles serve him personally, and these great men go into his presence with bare feet and downcast eyes. It is an act of sacrilege to look straight at great Montezuma.

The whisper about the city says that this mighty emperor has been shut up in his private apartments for days, refusing food and imploring the gods to save him from these white men.

He believes they are children of the sky god and are coming to overthrow his magnificent empire. Gold* has been offered freely if they will sail away in their winged ships; but they will not go.

†The emperor then sent soothsayers to bewitch them; but none of the old charms affected the white men.

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tribes down on the lowlands, bordering the Gulf, were obliged to pay tribute to him. The name of Montezuma was a terrible one to all Indians in Mexico and Central America.

*Montezuma tried to bribe Cortez to leave Mexico.

† He also sent men to work enchanting spells on them.

*He called his priests from the temples, and they went away and offered many sacrifices; but these sacrifices did not avail. The white men marched straight on.

Next he called his council about him, and these wise men advised the emperor to make the best of a necessity and invite these white strangers to Mexico. Montezuma, fully believing that they are more than mortal, has unwillingly acted upon this advice. To-day they are coming to his capitol by invitation, and it is said the emperor wailed out: —

"Of what avail is resistance, when the gods have declared themselves against us. Yet I mourn most for the old and infirm, the women and children, too feeble to fight or fly. For myself and the brave men around me, we must bare our breast to the storm and meet it as best we may."

The noble but despairing words from your hitherto undaunted emperor sent a chill through the city, and all felt that something awful was about to happen.

As you stand on the roof watching for the first gleam of the new day, a scene is taking place a few miles down the lake, of interest to all in the Dream City. The blare of a trumpet is waking the camp of the white men.

As a Mexican boy you will not know what a trumpet †

*An enormous number — sometimes as many as twenty thousand — victims were sacrificed yearly, and, disgusting to relate, these highly civilized Indians were cannibals. After the victim had been killed, his body was sent to the kitchen, cooked, and served as a dainty feast.

† Indians had few musical instruments, and none like those in common use among European nations.

is, but you will hear one soon, and the music will sound delightful; but, poor Indian child, it were better for you that you never heard it.

Four hundred white men and about seven thousand Indian allies shake off slumber at that trumpet's call, and immediately all is bustle in that camp.

The great animals you call stags are fed and saddled, and finally a long, long procession is arranged to march to the city of Montezuma.

Eighty white horsemen come first. Behind them march three hundred white infantry. Next are strange black things, dragged by the monster animals you are so anxious to see. These things are called cannon, but that does not mean anything to an Aztec boy. You never saw fire belch from them, or heard the awful roar which follows the smoke and flash. Behind the cannon is baggage on the backs of Indian slaves, while in the rear are Indian allies, a long line of them, who march as they please, and do not keep step to the music with the beautiful regularity of the white men.

You would not be pleased to have me tell you the name of these Indian allies, for they are your old enemy, the Tlascalans (*T-las'-ca-lans*).

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* After battling with the Tlascalan Indians, Cortez made a treaty with them. This tribe was one of the few who had successfully resisted Montezuma for years. They hated him and the Aztecs, so willingly combined with Cortez to overthrow them.

It is very strange that Montezuma should have allowed them to enter Mexico.

As the son of a noble, you are favored with the best place to see, and that is near a stone wall which stretches across the causeway not far from the city, and which no stranger can pass without permission.

Reports come that about six miles down the causeway the advance guard of your visitors has appeared.

By this time the sidewalks of the causeway are thronged for miles; the water is black with canoes; in fact, the entire population of the Dream City has poured onto the lake, or causeway, to see what is coming; and what a vast throng it is!

The causeway is so straight that you can see something long before you can tell just what it is, and your ears are charmed with music that seems more than earthly to you. No such music was ever heard in Mexico before, and how the people strain their ears to hear, and how quiet and awestruck it makes them act!

The music grows louder and louder, and mingled with it, is the clatter of iron hoofs.

Here they come. People jam back to the far edges of the sidewalk as four men, on the backs of great animals, gallop swiftly forward.

They have been sent ahead by the white leader to see that no trickery is prepared, to send his marching columns into the lake before he can reach the city, to which he has been so unwillingly invited.

How spirited horses and riders look! No objects so graceful ever moved in front of you before. How the great beasts rear and stamp! What soft white skin the

strangers have! You would like to touch it with your hand, and with your little deep-set eyes you gaze in admiration at their great, beautiful dark ones. Yes, they are god-like to look upon. You agree with the emperor: these must be children of the sky god.

Perhaps they got those shining clothes from the country where the gods dwell. You never saw any material out of which such a scale-like, glittering coat could be made.* You wonder if it grew on them as the scales of a fish grow on its back, or whether it was made for them to take off and put on at will.

Why are their legs and feet covered with those black and grey things†; and what a queer dish they have on their head.‡ If some strange, winged creatures should suddenly float down from the sky and wander about New York or Chicago, the boys of those cities would not be more full of wonder than were the Aztecs, when they first saw a white man and a horse.

The whole procession halts in front of the stone wall, and what a stamping, a neighing, and a pawing of the great stags!

Another procession is coming from the city. Four hundred Aztec nobles and statesmen are to meet the strangers at this gate and announce that Montezuma is on the way to welcome them.

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*Armor. Indians had never seen steel.

†Boots and knee breeches.

‡A hat.

The white leader has taken position in front, with a few attendants; and, as you gaze at his handsome face* in admiration, you do not dream how much he admires your city on the lake.

He and his men call it a work of fairy creation rather than of mortals. They speak of it as resembling Venice, far over the sea; and the causeways of solid masonry astonish them as much as the city.

Your city is far more beautiful than Venice. That city pushes out from land, with an approach of swampy tide water on one side. There is no swampy tide-approach to the Dream City. She does not hug the banks of the lake. She rises boldly out of deep water, as if the blue waves themselves were her foundation.

This makes her seem unreal to Cortez, as he sits there on his horse; for only fairies rear cities on foundations of water.

The nobles are coming now, all finely robed in richly dyed material. On their feet are jeweled sandals; about their bare ankles and arms are golden bands. Strings of jewels fall about their necks and breasts, while nose rings and ear rings of great beauty are worn.

Feathers are a very fashionable adornment. The most beautifully dressed gentlemen in the procession wear feather girdles and feather mantles.

The white leader does not dismount. Bending low in his saddle, he makes a salutation that is strange to you,

*Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, was very fine looking.

and not half so fine as the nobles of Mexico make in return.

Each Indian gentleman stops directly in front of the white leader, stands still an instant, then slowly bends his body until his right hand touches the ground. Next, he raises himself, and standing straight, carries the same hand to his forehead, and then passes on. It takes a long time for all the nobles to pass in file before Cortez, and make all these fine salutations. The old and stiff must go slowly, or run the risk of tumbling over, before this vast throng.

Finally, the last bow is made, and the procession moves on. At a drawbridge a little nearer the city, a glittering train is seen approaching. It is Montezuma. Heralds come before, carrying golden rods which they hold up before the people. You do not look now. No Aztec looks, after the heralds pass. All heads are bowed, and eyes are bent on the ground. Some even turn away their faces, while others prostrate themselves to the earth, and hide their countenances there. No one must look on the mighty emperor.

The royal palanquin* is burnished with gold, and borne on the shoulders of barefooted nobles. Over it is a beautiful canopy of feather-work, bordered with silver bangles and sparkling with jewels.

Cortez orders a halt. He dismounts, and, throwing the reins of his horse to a page, approaches the emperor

* Palanquin is a litter on which a person may be borne.

who has left his palanquin, and, supported by two nobles, is walking towards Cortez, over tapestry which attendants have laid on the ground.

He is forty years of age now, tall and thin, but erect, and dignified in appearance. His complexion is pale for an Indian, and his countenance has a kindly expression.

He is dressed in a long blue mantle, with a jeweled girdle about his waist. The soles of his jeweled sandals are of solid gold. His whole person is covered with glittering gems, and from his head wave the green plumes which signify his royal rank.

The Spaniard would embrace the Indian emperor, but he is prevented from such sacrilege by an Indian prince.

Simpler and more dignified salutations are exchanged. The emperor takes Cortez's hand and leads him into the border of his capitol; the drawbridge is taken up, and the Spaniards are fast in the Dream City.

A long, low palace is assigned to them, so vast that each white man can sleep singly in it.

When they arrive at this house, Montezuma is waiting to receive them. A jeweled collar is thrown about Cortez's neck; a vase of flowers is given him; and the gracious monarch says: "This palace belongs to you, Malinche* (*Ma-linche*), and you and your brethren rest after your fatigues, for you have need to do so. In a little while I will visit you again."

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* Malinche was a term of courtesy, or perhaps endearment.

Was there ever welcome more gracious or more royal? But was it sincere?

Montezuma goes away with his brave heart full of superstitious fear.

From the roof of his new home Cortez looks around upon the Dream City, and he casts no careless glance. He thinks it almost celestial in its beauty; but pleasure in its loveliness is chilled by something creeping over his hardened heart, and that something is also fear. No untutored savages made this fair city, and no untrained mind planned those solid stone causeways, so mechanically correct.

He is in the midst of a community thickly populated and intelligent. Can he conquer it? Ah, he fears.

The vast temples now come under his eye, and he thinks of the hideous gods there so greedy for human blood.

His thought is soon far away from the beauty about him. This lovely Dream City is a city of cannibals; and those sacrificial stones, in the towers of the temples, mean food,—yes, a feast for man as well as an offering to the gods.

This is all unpleasant to think about; but the thought presses itself so closely on Cortez's mind, that he feels sure those vast crowds of staring Aztecs are looking upon him, merely as a toothsome bit of flesh.

The bold Spanish adventurer gazes on the blue waters, which lie on all sides, between him and land. There is

no way out of the Dream City except by the causeways, and the drawbridges are up on them.

He with his followers are prisoners, if Montezuma chooses to make them such ; and prisoners in the stronghold of cannibalism. It is a case of desperation. Shall he be dragged to those sacrificial stones and eaten like an animal, or shall he resist with all a white man's courage and a white man's *arms?

The lips of the Spanish captain close grimly, and the fate of Mexico is settled.

NOTES.—Cortez, after living in peace in Mexico for a while, became suspicious of Montezuma. He invited him to the palace, and made the Mexican emperor prisoner in the home to which he assigned Cortez as his guest. It was a bold move and a treacherous one, but was successful; for it paralyzed the whole people. They could do nothing without their emperor.

It is true that as time wore on, and belief in the immortality of the white men wore off, they were in danger. It was a case of do or die with Cortez.

Montezuma was finally killed, and, after a fierce war, Mexico was conquered.

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*Compared to the arms of the Spaniards, the Indians may be said to have been unarmed.

Dividing up an Empire.

HISTORICAL REVIEW.—The wicked governor which Spain had sent to the Isthmus of Darien thought it wise to get away from the settlements on the eastern coast. So after Balboa had made a path to the Pacific Ocean, this governor founded Panama on the western coast. Reports of vast quantities of gold about the newly discovered ocean caused this new town to be settled rapidly.

Expeditions were sent to explore the southern land where the Indians said a great nation possessing vast quantities of gold was to be found. All these expeditions failed.

On the northern coast of South America these exploring parties came across an Indian tribe, whose chief was named Biru. They called the land in this direction "Biru," which finally came to be Peru.

Pizarro, who was with Balboa when Comogre's son told about the land where even pots and kettles were of gold, had been on some of these expeditions; and when all others seemed to give up exploring the mountainous country, he made up his mind to go to it in some way.

When this scene took place, he with Luque and Amalgro had been at work for some time getting supplies ready. As fast as men came from Spain, who had no money, they agreed to feed and care for them until the expedition went, and then take them into the expedition. In this way they raised less than a hundred men. The men of Panama knew too much of the hardships of other attempts to agree to go on this. People in the town joked about the three men who were undertaking what was almost sure to result in failure.

ALL Panama are ridiculing three inhabitants of the place. Jests and sarcasm are tossed back and forth, as a scheme which these men are about to undertake becomes a topic for discussion.

Today a partnership is to be formed for the carrying out of this scheme, and the formal contract is to be entered upon in church in the most public manner.

The three men who form the company are queerly assorted companions. They are all old men. Not one of them has ever given signs of greatness. All that any citizen of Panama can say of any one of them is that each has performed humble duties fairly well. They are very unlike in character, in circumstances, and in appearance.

The most important member of this company of three, in the eyes of his fellow townsmen, is the priest and schoolmaster Fernando de Luque (*Fer-nan'-dō de Lu-que*). He is both rich and learned.

In sharp contrast to this refined priest is a soldier whose life has been full of adventure. No one quite trusts this soldier. He has been the bloody tool of their wicked governor; and among the cruel crowd of men who make up Panama, he is noted for treating the Indians a little more cruelly than any other. This man has no education. He can neither read nor write, and so far as intelligence goes is far below Cortez, the famous conqueror of Mexico. To offset all these bad things, it is a pleasure to say that he is absolutely brave. No danger can daunt his resistless courage; no suffering can turn him back. This is Captain Francisco Pizarro.

The third is a different type of man from either of the others. He is half soldier, half adventurer, waiting for anything to turn up. He is hot-headed, but social;

and in direct contrast to Pizarro's cold lack of honor, is inclined to be generous and fair. Like Pizarro, he is absolutely unschooled, and can neither read nor write his own name, which is Diego de Amalgro (*Di-e-go de A-mal-gro*). Many of the enlisted men have already wended their way to the church, and the crowd has followed them to the sacred place.

The clean shaven, refined looking priest soon appears, accompanied by a notary. Stolid, coarse, black whiskered Pizarro is close behind; and Amalgro, a great shambling creature with fiery red hair and a repulsively homely countenance, which is barely rescued from the hideous by a genial smile, is with him.

In spite of his unattractive appearance, it is easy to see that this last member of the firm is the most popular of the three. It is he who has coaxed those men in front to join his fortunes in this perilous enterprise, and it is he who will always get nearest to the heart of the looker on.

Solemn mass is celebrated, and then Father Luque outlines the purpose of the expedition in a short talk. They will discover the land of gold and hold it for the church, says the priest; and then the binding contract is read.

The three men agree to share all profits equally; and each one of them binds himself to be true to the others, neither deserting nor betraying them. Luque is to remain at Panama as agent and treasurer. The influence he possesses with the government is to be used for the enterprise.

Pizarro is to command the expedition, and go forth to seek what he can find. Amalgro is to be a means of communication between the two. He will go and come with supplies.

The priest signs the document in the presence of the vast crowd and the notary. Pizarro, unable to write the name that will remain forever on the pages of history, makes his mark. Amalgro does the same.

To make the agreement more solemn, the sacrament now is administered to the three men, — Father Luque partaking first, and then giving to his partners in the company.

No wonder the people mocked, — murderers entering upon their awful work with solemn prayer; robbers, setting out to plunder, trying to fling the sacred mantle of religion over their deeds! The world is as little impressed as were the people of Panama by these outward signs, but it has charity; for it knows now that the men were forced to commit some of the awful crimes which are recorded of them in Peru. The jeering crowd go out calling the priest "Fernando el loco" (Fernando the madman). All believe that this is but one more rash attempt, which will end in starving half the men. That a great conquest has been entered upon, never comes into the mind of any citizen of Panama. The black bearded soldier looks to them more like a free-booter than one who is destined to great place in the world's records; and Amalgro is not much above a clown in their estimation.

They are not far wrong. Pizarro stands for a conqueror; but history's tale is the tale of the greatest robber the world has known.

What would the people in that church have said, what would the three partners themselves have said, if some all-knowing voice had announced, when they signed the agreement to divide the profits equally, "You are dividing a great empire among three men"?

NOTE.—They had been planning this expedition for about two years. Pizarro had made some money by raising cattle. Amalgro had been at work influencing men to go with them, and the ships were being made ready. It is said that Father de Luque was merely the agent of several men who wished to invest some money in the enterprise.

A Line of Sand.

HISTORICAL REVIEW.— Pizarro had coasted along what is now called South America, trying to find a landing place. After a number of adventures and battles, he stopped on the island of Gollo and sent for supplies.

Amalgro was expected daily from Panama with men and supplies. After the men were almost at death's point with starvation, a ship appeared. Amalgro, the partner of Pizarro, was not in command of it. The governor of Panama had sent officials to bring back all who would come. He had no faith in their success. It was a bitter blow to Pizarro, and he took desperate chances in drawing that line of sand.

TATTERED and forlorn crowd greets an incoming ship, on the island of Gollo.

Faces over which the skin has dried, and wrinkled with hunger, or grey spotted with wasting disease, grow rapturous as food and help draws near.

Finding and plundering that land of gold presents obstacles which none but the strongest and bravest can face.

Pizarro's joy at first is as great as that of his men; but the joy is turned to disappointment. No recruits have come. Amalgro has not come. The governor of Panama is distrustful of the scheme, and, instead of

adding to the little band, has sent an agent to bring back all the men who will return.

It is a severe blow to the bold plunderer; but opposition only makes him more determined. Pizarro will not flinch. Reports that a mighty empire, over the water on the mainland, and rich as fabled Cathay, have now become almost a certainty.

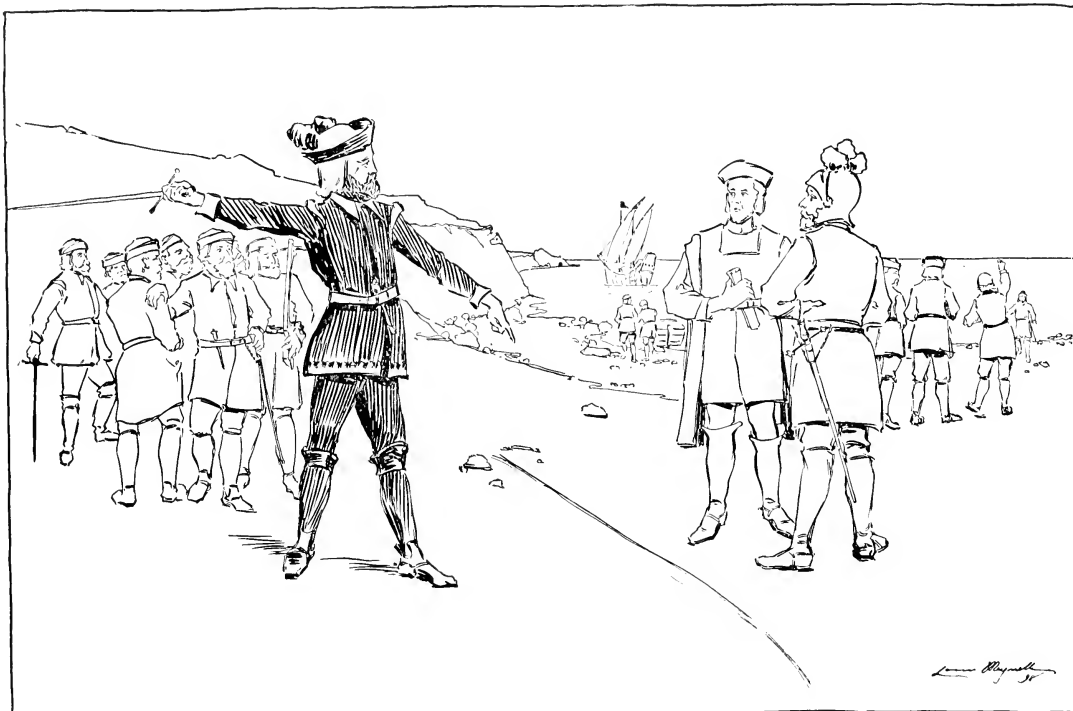
He does not know the new governor. To go back to Panama means certain poverty, perhaps disgrace and imprisonment.

The strong, coarse nature of the man is up in arms. He will not return. He has little to lose, and perhaps much to gain; but, let the outcome be triumph or failure, he will cast his lot in the new land; it shall henceforth be his home.

Letters from his two partners, Amalgro and Luque, are handed him. He cannot read them, and must call on one of his trusty soldiers to do it for him. The letters strengthen his already firm resolve. "Keep on," advise the partners, "and we will use every influence to get help to you."

Stepping in front of his men, he tells them that the governor has sent to have them all return to Panama. With blunt eloquence, he recalls the added proofs that a great, rich empire is near, and, drawing his sword, he traces a line in the sand from east to west.

The soldiers are looking at that slender line and at their old commander. The legal representative of the government also looks on curiously. Not a word is



PIZARRO AND THE LINE ON THE SAND

spoken until the rugged warrior stretches the naked blade towards the south, and then he speaks:

"Friends and comrades, on that side is toil, and hunger, and nakedness, drenching storms, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru, with its riches; here Panama and poverty. Choose each man what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." So saying, he steps over the line.

There is a moment's pause. The old captain stands alone, his rugged face scarred with suffering, but grim and determined. Men glance at one another. Peru with its reported wealth floats through their minds; but the dreary island, swept by storms that drench them daily, blasted by lightning that makes them shrink, and lacking all things to sustain life, is too forlorn to hold most of these half-starved men.

The brave old pilot Ruiz does not hesitate. He steps over the line, and fifteen others, whose spirits nothing can crush, follow. The rest file into the ship.

Against the command of a timid government, against the universal shrinking of all mankind from hardship, determined Pizarro and those sixteen men* have taken a stand.

Their object is not noble; the world will ever shrink from their bloody hands; but the supreme bravery of men who could face these almost superhuman obstacles will be admired as among the bravest deeds of man.

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*Spain ennobled all who stepped over that line and followed Pizarro to Peru.

A Garden Party in Peru.

HISTORICAL REVIEW. — Among other places where Pizarro landed when he sailed south to Tumbez, was one he called Santa Cruz. An Indian princess lived here, who was delighted with the white strangers. She invited them to visit her when they returned, and Pizarro promised to do so.

After his reception in Tumbez and explorations south of that place, he resolved to return to Panama and sail for Spain, to lay his discovery before the king and beg royal assistance. His vessel had returned to this point when the incident described took place.

THERE is excitement in the little Indian village. Every small thatched house is trying to look its prettiest, and the inhabitants of these humble homes chat and laugh as they paint their faces, black their teeth, and try to look fine for some great event.

The great lady of the village is to entertain some wonderful white strangers who have come in an enormous canoe from far away.

These humble folk hardly think the marvelous strangers mortal; but their princess is a woman of rare good sense. She laughs at the fair bearded creatures being other than mere men.

Great preparations are going on. Today this might be called Arbor Town, for many beautiful little arbors, formed by broad thick branches, dot not only the great lady's own grounds but the small public square.

Leaves and branches are but the framework of these fairy bowers. Brilliant flowers and sweet scented shrubs are so thickly twined among the twigs that a wall of leaf and flowers is formed.

Low tables covered with broad leaves and delicious fruits and vegetables are placed in each bower, while mats for guests to sit on are placed about the sides.

The feast bowers are now prepared; the feast is ready; the people are clad in their best, with nose, and ear, and arm and ankle trinkets all in place.

The princess orders the boats, and with many attendants sets out to visit the ships of the strangers in the bay.

The bearded captain receives this lady with great courtesy and respect.

She invites him and his men to return her visit immediately, and tells him she will send important persons to the ship as hostages.

Gallantly Pizarro tells her that hostages are not necessary; he is not afraid to accept her invitation.

The princess returns to receive her guests. The whole village is ready, too.

When the swarthy Spaniards land, they are met by the smiling dusky people who are decked out in flowers, which they present to the visitors, in quantities.

Messengers are ready to escort each Spanish soldier to a bower, where the food is served by most attentive natives.

When the dainty feast is done, the princess invites her guests to see some dancing. Whole companies of young men and women dance to their own songs and simple instruments, and with a slow swaying motion.

The Indians are supple of form and graceful in motion; but Pizarro's thoughts are not on the dark swaying forms. The only concern of this cold, cruel man is how to get all the gold these people have.

Before taking leave of his hostess he makes a speech. He tells them that he is captain of the greatest king on earth, and asks permission to raise the banner of Castile, which he has brought with him, thus showing that they transferred their allegiance to his sovereign.*

They do not understand him. Probably they think it is his share in the festivities of the day, and laughing they plant the banner as he desires. With this sly trick he pays them for their hospitality and returns to his ship, leaving the village of fairy feast halls behind.

* Pizarro went through this ceremony in every place in Peru. The natives did not know they were renouncing their own nation.

I am Keeping a Fast.

A WONDERFUL scene took place in a camp in the year 1532. It looked, at a distance, like the camp of any civilized European army, and was a beautiful picture.

Thousands of white tents stretched far over the green slope of a lofty mountain plain. There were sentinels pacing, and there were fortifications to ward off the enemy. So far the camp would seem familiar to any European soldier of that time; but closer view showed some things lacking that would be prominent in a civilized camp.

No cannon were planted on the breastworks; no guns were stacked in the camp streets; and neither mules nor horses were dragging loads of stores.

This was no European camp; it was not even a camp of civilized people. The strange part of it all was that it should be so much like one. This camp was situated on a lofty plain of the Andes Mountains, in the heretofore unknown wilds of the New World.

The thousands of soldiers in those white tents were not white men, but smooth-faced, copper-colored Indians.

A great surprise awaited those dusky warriors on

that autumn day of long ago. They were to see things stranger than their wildest imagination had ever pictured.

It had been whispered that the children of the Great Sun, which they worshiped as God, were fair; but they did not dream that mere mortals existed with soft, fair skin.

Their sheep or goat (the llama) was the largest animal they knew. Their eyes had never rested on the beautiful, swift-going horse; and that a man could make a lower animal bear him over the earth, was something they did not understand. These Indians allowed the llama (*lä'ma*) to bear only very light burdens.

This camp differed from other camps in another important way. In its center was a great square, and something which looked like a small village was built up there. Over everything else in that open space, a great building stood out prominently. It was gaily painted, and surrounded by balconies.

A glance was sufficient to show that the gay building was not intended for officers' quarters. Some one more important than a commanding general lived in that camp palace.

Sentinels were thick about it; and the long lines of tents stretching in front, behind, and on each side so protectingly, told plainly that one whose life was precious to the nation was in that square.

Women, too, were wandering about in it, or sitting on the balconies of the palace as if quite at home.

A stone reservoir in front contained water for hot and cold baths, and flowers in pots added to the beauty of the camp village.

Whoever lived so luxuriously in the midst of this mighty army must be one of extraordinary authority, for he had brought his great household with him, on to the field of battle itself. Only the resources of a nation could transport such luxury. There was but one in Peru who could indulge in it, and that was the all-powerful inca (emperor) himself.

Both men and women were beautifully dressed in that camp court Their robes were richly colored, and so fine that they seemed silky. Princes and princesses, priests and nobles, mingled with officers of the army in surrounding the inca.

Today this dreaded inca was expecting something. He had summoned his great officials and seated himself on a cushion in front of an open grassy lawn. He sat there motionless for a long time.

Suddenly there was commotion in camp. Warriors were starting from their tents, and staring at strange creatures which galloped swiftly in from the mountain roads, and, disdaining the wooden bridge which spanned it, swam the rushing mountain river below the camp.

Unearthly seemed those creatures to the bewildered Indians. The dark warriors had never seen the like before. The things appeared to them to be a combination of man and beast, which moved with the swiftness of the wind.

They gazed at the fair skin and bearded faces of the man part. The monster, four-legged part puzzled them sorely. Surely there was a complete man and a complete animal in each of the apparitions. In some way the man and animal appeared to be one creature. The clothes were as astonishing as the creatures themselves. They flashed in the light, and seemed to be made up of glittering material new to them.*

The wonderful visitants halted on the edge of the inca's camp, and a whisper went round:

"The white strangers—the children of the Sun!"

Every dark warrior breathed easier to see that at least one mortal was with this company of marvelous visitors. They saw an Indian youth, who came forward to ask where the inca could be found.

A soldier pointed to the great square, and the Indian boy ran back to tell the handsome, young white captain, who left most of his train where it had halted, and, with a few companions, dashed swiftly past long lines of Peruvian tents, directly to that central court.

What a dashing, clanking, glittering train it was to those softly stepping Indians! How the armor of the Spanish invaders gleamed! How the splendid trappings of their horses shone!

In the square, men and women were also gazing in the direction of the strange visitors.

It was not difficult to pick out the inca. He was

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* Steel armor. The Peruvians had never seen steel.

sitting motionless on a cushion, with his legs crossed; and he had been sitting thus for hours.

There was nothing splendid about his dress. The attendant nobles were more richly clad; but about his dark forehead was the crimson fringe worn by only one in that vast empire, and that one the inca of Peru. It was the worldly symbol of boundless power, and the sacred symbol of one esteemed with the reverence of a god.

News of the coming of the Spaniards had reached the inca, and as De Soto and his attendants halted a few paces in front of the great monarch, Peruvian nobles began to surround their sovereign.

The young Spanish captain did not dismount. He made a low bow and said:

"I come from the commander of the white men. He wishes me to tell you that we have arrived in Caxamalca (*Cash-a-mal'-ca*). We are subjects of a mighty prince, who lives over the sea. We have heard of your great victories, and have been sent by the king of Spain to deliver you from the power of the devil. Our captain invites you to visit him."

The inca had never heard of the king of Spain before; he had never heard of the devil; so, naturally, politics and religion became mixed in his mind. The Indian interpreter of the white men translated De Soto's fine speech so absurdly that the Peruvian emperor did not know whether the devil they threatened him with so sorely was king of Spain or of some other white

men's country, ready to do him harm. He made no reply.

De Soto waited for an answer, and it was a long, long wait. The inca not only remained absolutely silent, but sat like a statue of bronze, with no sign that he ever intended to reply. His eyes were on the ground; not a muscle of his face moved; and there was not the least sign that he heard a word of the strange, white visitor's speech.

Finally one of the Peruvian nobles raised his eyes and said something which the Indian youth, Filipillo (*Fe-lip-illo*), translated into, "It is well."

No further conversation was attempted by the Peruvians. All stood still about the immovable emperor, and the silence was an evident hint to the Spaniards that it was time to go.

They did not go, however, and still waited for a word from the rigid lips of the inca. They were allowed to wait, and evidently would be to endless time. It became embarrassing, and the polite young captain, restraining his annoyance, courteously asked:

"Will your majesty not speak to us yourself, and tell us what is your pleasure?"

The shrewd inca could not keep up the farce of a dumb show with gravity any longer. A ghost of a smile escaped and flitted over his face, as he spoke:

"Tell your captain that I am keeping a fast which will end tomorrow morning; I will then visit him with my chieftains. In the meantime, let him occupy the

public buildings on the square, and no other, till I come, when I will order what shall be done."

De Soto's keen eyes saw that the inca's were fastened curiously on his horse. The captain was superbly mounted, and a fine horseman.

Whether his object was to show off, or whether to stir that bronze creature on the cushion to some show of life, no one but himself could know; but, when the inca ended his speech, De Soto bowed low, and, wheeling his horse about, dashed over the plain at furious speed, and, wheeling back, put his swift charger through every graceful movement of which the animal was capable. At last he stopped the rushing horse so abruptly that he reared on his hind feet, directly in front of the inca.

Foam from the panting steed splashed the mighty monarch's clothes; but he still sat like a bronze image, as if nothing was happening, nor ever could happen.

Not so the Indian soldiers. Some of them ran in terror, and then stopped in greater terror; for they knew that death would be the punishment for cowardice before these strangers.

As soon as De Soto finished showing off, signs of hospitality began to appear. The Spaniards refused food, but accepted the perfumed wine which was brought by dark-eyed Indian princesses in golden cups.*

Their greedy eyes fastened on the golden cups and

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* The wine was made from the juice of fruits.

the golden ornaments which abounded on every hand. They quaffed the wine, bent low in the saddle, and with this respectful good-by to the stiff inca they galloped off.

There was a tale to tell Pizarro. The great wealth of Peru had not been overstated; but that mountain camp, with its vast hordes of soldiers, was not a pleasant thing for that handful of white adventurers to think about. Every white tent was a threat and a reminder that they were fast in the grasp of a powerful enemy.

The Indian monarch they had come to rob was far more powerful then they supposed.

NOTE. — After many hardships Pizarro finally landed in Peru, and, sometimes fighting and sometimes persuading the people to receive him and give him food, had advanced to within easy journey of the camp of the inca. The journey of the invaders had been up the steep mountains of Peru, across their high plains, up other mountains, until they came to Caxamalca (*Cash-a-mal'-ca*), thousands of feet above the blue South Sea, as they called the Pacific Ocean. The inca had known all about these white visitors since they landed.

He was at war with his brother, who also claimed the throne; so the army was not in the field to protect the empire from those eighty white men.

A Twilight Scene.

EVERY hour of that long, anxious night had been an hour of anxious waiting and watching, and every hour of the still longer day which followed, was heavy with suspense to the white men at Caxamalca (*Cash-a-mal'-ca*).

The inca's words, "I will visit you tomorrow. I will visit you tomorrow," had rung in their ears like a funeral knell. What was his visit to mean to them?* They looked at their little band of less than two hundred and thought of the vast army encamped on that mountain slope ten miles away.

Again and again, those who had visited the camp of the inca with De Soto were obliged to satisfy their comrades with every detail of their adventure. Emphatically, these soldiers, of much experience, declared that the Peruvian army was no vast horde of untrained savages, but a great body of troops well drilled in the use of their simple weapons,—the lance, the bow, and the sling.

Attempts to resist such numbers seemed fool-hardy;

* The Spaniards were troubled when they found that the Inca's army was so near, and its size disturbed them.

but how could these reckless adventurers escape now? Every mountain pass which led from these lofty plains was guarded by the inca. If he proved unfriendly, Pizarro's band could never descend to the lowlands and gain their boats on the coast. These Spanish plunderers had slipped their necks into a noose. They were fast in the clutches of Peru's mighty emperor.

Each man looked at his weapons for comfort. If the inca meant them harm,* those swords and guns were all that stood between them and an awful fate.

Hope did not die in one sturdy heart. Pizarro recognized the peril of his little army, and his slow wit, † sharpened by necessity, devised a scheme. He called his men together and told them that one little crevice seemed to open in the solid wall of danger which appeared to surround them. He recalled the deed of daring Cortez, in capturing the emperor of Mexico. This Peruvian emperor was worshiped as a god, as well as revered as a ruler. Peruvians would be helpless without their chief; so, by fair means or foul, the inca must be captured.‡

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* All talk between Pizarro and the inca had been friendly. The Spaniard pretended he had come to help the inca, who was at war with his half brother, rightful heir to the Peruvian throne.

† Pizarro was far beneath Cortez intellectually. His scheme of capturing the inca was not original. The chief characteristic of the man was a sort of bull-dog bravery.

‡ Experience had taught them this: when a chief of any Indian tribe was held as hostage, the people seemed helpless. If he were killed, a new chief was chosen, and the people relied on him. That is why the inca was not killed at first.

Caxamalca was a little town nestling under the shadow of a lofty peak of the Andes. It contained about two thousand inhabitants, who fled when the Spaniards came to take possession. In its center was a large square, bordering two sides of which was a long, low range of buildings; while on a hill which loomed upon the other side rose a stone fortress. Stairs led to this fortress, and a high wall guarded the buildings in front. The Spaniards had taken quarters in the buildings behind those fort-like walls.

After the captain's encouraging speech, preparations to receive their distinguished visitor began, and strange hospitality was in preparation. Two small cannon were planted on the fort, with gunners at their posts; infantry was placed at the heads of the streets near the square; while cavalry hid behind the wall, ready to mount at an instant's notice. Pizarro, with twenty men, waited in his own apartment.

The long night of sleepless watching finally ended. Saturday morning came, and with it a message from the inca, saying that he would come today, and come with a large number of unarmed * attendants. No hour was named for his arrival; so the Spaniards had nothing to do but to continue watching and waiting. It was tedious work, and again Pizarro was obliged to strengthen the hearts of his men.

"You are not strong in numbers, so make a fortress

* The inca promised Pizarro that he would not come with armed attendants.

of your heart. There are five hundred Indians to one Christian; but God will fight on our side," were the rough captain's reassuring words.

Noon came, and with it something to see. The inca was moving his great camp to the very outskirts of Caxamalca, and soon, in full view of the Spaniards, a vast city of white tents stretched out. Was that camp a threat? The hands of the Spaniards grasped their weapons more tightly.

Each moment of that ever to be remembered afternoon was weighty with expectation. Night was coming on; and the hours of darkness were favorite hours for Indian attacks. Pizarro grew anxious, and at five o'clock, unable to bear the suspense longer, sent a polite message to tell the inca that supper was waiting for him. Word came back that the inca was on the way.

Supper waiting? Ay, a supper at which death was principal guest—a supper where shot and saber cuts were served as dainties!

The sun, which the Peruvians worshiped, had set on this frosty November evening, and twilight was coming on, when the train of the Indian emperor was seen approaching. A solitary sentinel paced the great square of Caxamalca, and not another human being could be seen on it. Was there anything in this lonely twilight scene for a great emperor, with a vast army at hand, to fear?

A rosy glow from the sinking sun stole over the mountain and lighted the hard, smooth road well enough to show that a glittering train accompanied the emperor.

Foot-soldiers, in checkered livery, swept ahead and cleared a way; behind them was a long procession of dancers and singers; next came three hundred nobles in dark blue tunics, with snow white garments underneath. On the heads of these were crowns of gold or silver; while golden armor protected their breasts.

The glittering, jewel-decked litter * of the emperor was borne in the midst of this richly dressed crowd. Barefooted princes carried it on their shoulders, and felt honored that they were permitted to do so. Two others, probably great princes, were borne on two other litters, and two distinguished officials of state were carried in hammocks behind the inca's golden throne. In the rear were long columns of common soldiers.

On they came to the peaceful-looking square. Their songs floated through the evening air to the ears of the hidden Spaniards. Sharp Indian eyes saw but one lonely figure, and sharp Indian ears heard the tramp of but one pair of feet. They could sing and dance most merrily, with nothing more dangerous than this to frighten them.

In the center of the square, the inca ordered a halt. As he did so, two other figures issued from one of the low gates of the wall. One was grey-robed, and the other the little Indian interpreter, Fillipillo.

The pale, grey-robed man was not a soldier. The inca knew that; but the Indian monarch was puzzled by the man's appearance and dress. He had seen no white

* Raised seat on which he was carried.

man so appareled before. In one hand, this advancing figure carried a cross; in the other, a strange thing made of leather.* The curiosity of the emperor was excited.

"What manner of man is this?" he inquired.

"That is the white man's captain of talk,"† was the answer.

The "captain of talk" stopped in front of the royal litter, and saluted the emperor with deep respect. In the waning light the inca stared as if he would discover for himself what kind of man this grey-robed "captain of talk" happened to be; and, making up his mind that this new sort of white man must be of some importance, politely offered him a chair.

The chair was as politely declined, and the "captain of talk" began a speech. He explained the doctrines of the Christian Church, which mischievous Fillipillo translated as he pleased. When the good for nothing fellow did not comprehend the learned theology, he substituted any foolish thing which came into his head.

"We believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, one God in three," solemnly declared the man in the grey robe.

"The Christians believe in three Gods and one God, and that makes four Gods," translated Fillipillo, and the inca shook his dusky head and said,—

"The Christians have more gods than the Peruvians, for we worship but one supreme God."

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*A Bible. The Inca had never seen a book before.

† Preacher or priest.

"You must accept Christianity, acknowledge the pope, and swear allegiance to Charles V. of Spain, or God will harden their hearts as he did Pharaoh's, and you will be punished," asserted the priest. Just how Fillipillo translated this is not known; but certainly in a way to mix earthly rulers with heavenly powers in the inca's mind, and the "captain of talk" kept on with a long, long harangue which at last tired the inca. His dark face clouded with impatience, which the dim light did not conceal, and he bluntly wanted to know of the priest how he got his news.

It was an honest request, and the priest handed his Bible to the great ruler. The inca took it, and put it to his ear. No message came to him from gods, or popes, or kings; and, vexed and insulted, the emperor tried to unclasp this reputed messenger from the gods of the white men. He was not successful, and the priest stepped forward to help; but this angered the inca. He thought such familiarity mere impertinence; and added to the stern warnings of the "captain of talk" was more than the mighty Indian emperor was disposed to bear. He pushed the grey-robed man away with violence, and, tearing off its clasp, flung the—to him—silent Bible to the ground in anger.*

Their was a cry from the priest,† and, in another instant, the battle call of the Spaniards, "Santiago! San-

*Some historians dispute this, but it is probably true.

† The cry from the priest was a signal for attack. This priest seemed to lack the clear sense which the priest who accompanied Cortez always showed.

tiago!" was ringing through the quiet square with such force that it came back from the mountains in echoes.

Confusion now reigned supreme. Bells had been tied to the horses,* and they jingled and clanged, horses stamped and neighed, cannon boomed, and men yelled like fiends. With drawn swords, Pizarro and his twenty attendants rushed directly to the litter of the inca. Cavalry charged right and left on his followers, while the infantry came up in the rear with guns aimed into the Indian ranks.

The swords of Pizarro and his special attendants were not drawn to harm the inca. To take the potentate alive was the object of the Spanish captain; but those twenty-one swords found bloody work to do.

At first the unarmed † attendants of the inca fought bravely to rescue their emperor; but when these poor Indians saw their companions, in great numbers, cut down by Spanish swords, or fall dead from mysterious thunderbolts hurled by white men, they thought heaven as well as earth was leagued against them, and fled in terror.

The battle lasted scarcely thirty minutes, yet twilight shadows never covered a bloodier scene. Dead and dying Indians lay thick ‡ on the grass in the square of

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* The bells had been tied on to add to the confusion. The Spaniards made all the noise they could.

† The soldiers of the Inca came without lances, because he promised not to bring armed attendants. It is said they had stones concealed about their persons.

‡ There is dispute as to the number slain at Caxamalca. It ranges from six hundred to ten thousand.

Caxamalca, while the emperor, whose slighest word was law in this vast land, was borne a prisoner to the apartments of Pizarro.

Supper was actually waiting there, and the inca sat down to the table with the white captain. Could either of the two men eat? Did the great number of cold, stiff forms on the square outside, affect the appetite of the brutal conqueror? History does not tell us. We must guess about the supper of the inca and Pizarro, but as those twilight shadows deepened into dark, we know that power had been wrested from one nation and given to another. For centuries, perhaps forever, there will be no further greatness for the red man.

Writing a Name—America.

THERE is nothing very thrilling in a scene which portrays the simple act of writing a name. However, the importance of the name inscribed on one occasion makes the tracing of every line of it most interesting.

There has been much surprise that another—Columbia—instead of this name was not written, and we carry ourselves back to that far, strange time, out of curiosity to find out the truth about this question. To see this name written, a journey is necessary.

Among the mountains of Lorraine, not far from the city of Strassburg, is a small town named Sainte Dié (*Sant De'-ā*). To step back from 1898 to 1507 is to step into another world. It is a world without cars, a world without telegraph, a world without daily newspapers; therefore it is a world one part of which is not well informed about the others, or it is a world without news. It is a very quiet world compared to this world of the nineteenth century.

Of all sleepy places in this old-time, slow world Saint Dié is the sleepiest. There are no buildings of

note except the grey walls of a university, and the home of the reigning duke.

However, that university is not so deep in slumberous quiet as it appears. Come under the low stone entrance, up some stone steps, and enter a little room. Two bright-faced young men are at work here on maps and charts. They are very wide awake young men, and their conversation shows that their chief interest at present is in the new land which has been lately discovered far across the Atlantic Ocean.

There is wide interest in this new land. Every scrap printed about it is read eagerly; people even sit up all night to finish accounts of thrilling adventures across the sea.

News travels slowly in these times, and names get mixed from mouth to mouth reports. Columbus is not much of a writer, and published matter about the most marvelous discovery of all time is scarce.

These young men have more than a romantic or general interest in the new world. They are busy remaking old maps, and every scrap of written information about the new discovery is of greatest interest to them.

One of them has been fortunate enough to meet Americus Vespucius *(*Ves-pu'-cius*). This is a scholarly

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* Americus Vespucius seems to have been a man both respected and honored.

The map on which his name appeared first was not at all the America of today: it was simply the part he supposed he had discovered--a small continent.

gentleman who made a voyage of discovery, and not only wrote a full account of it, but made some rude maps of the mainland he supposed he had discovered.

This written account is just what the young scholars need. They draw a map of a small continent lying off Asia, and their great concern is to calculate the latitude and longitute of its boundaries.

The name is a matter about which they concern themselves little. They are not historians; they have little personal interest in Columbus; and Spain is not their country.

Here is newly discovered land to be put on the map. They have placed it where they think it belongs. The islands discovered by Columbus are all on the same map. The names he gave them have been put down, and now the little continent further on must be lettered with a name.

The name of the discoverer of the new land is a good one; so the pen is taken, and America is engraved upon the map.

To those who know the real size of the land it represents, this is a funny little map. It shows that neither the discoverer nor the map-maker dreamed of its real proportions.

As time goes on and discoveries continue, this map, made in 1507 in Sainte Dié, will have to be enlarged. Two great continents, bounded by vast oceans, are its only limit; but map-making is one profession and naming continents another, hence geographers do not bother to change the pleasant name.

America continues to be put on the maps until it becomes forever the name of the New World.

NOTES. It must not be lost sight of that Cabot was undoubtedly the first discoverer of the mainland.

Columbus did not find the mainland until afterwards. He discovered the islands of the West Indies and northern part of South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco.

To Columbus all honor is due: he led the way; afterwards it was easy for others to follow.

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